

Brockville, 25; Campbellford, 300; Cobourg, 50; Cornwall, 200; Gananoque, 15; Montreal, 6, 100; Ottawa, 1, 100; Picton, 100; Towed, 80; Hamilton (Bermuda), 50; Somerset, (Ber.), 100; St. George's (Ber.), 50; Amherst, 75; Campbellton, 100; Digby, 110; Fredericton, 150; Newcastle, 25; Moncton, 400; St. John, 3, 150; St. John, 4, 200; Woodstock (N.B.), 50; Yarmouth, 150; Dartmouth, 250; Glace Bay, 100; Halifax, 2, 3,000; Inverness, 125; New Aberdeen, 100; New Glasgow, 600; New Waterford, 100; Pictou (N.S.), 50; Shelburne, 50; Sydney, 100; Truro, 10; Westville, 200; Whitney Pier, 200; Windsor (N. B.), 50; Newfoundland, 439.

Canada West: Dauphin, 250; Kenora, 300; Fort William, 300; Neepawa, 50; Selkirk, 200; Esteron, 100; Regina, 400; Yorkton, 100; Edmonton, 1, 100; Lethbridge, 50; Red Deer, 175; Wetaskiwin, 250; Craibrook, 50; Nanaimo, 50; Medicine Hat, 300.

ARMY SONGS

COME, COMRADES DEAR!

Tune—Come, comrades dear, 136; Praise, 136; He lives, 136; S.B. 239. Come, comrades dear, who love the Lord,
Who taste the sweets of Jesus' word,
In Jesus' ways go on;
Our troubles and our trials here
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

And when we come to dwell above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply
Jesus will lead His Soldiers forth
To living streams of richest worth
That never will run dry.

HEAR MY CRY!

Tune—Nearer, my God, to Thee.
Oh, hear my earnest cry,
Lord, lead me on!
Come near and sanctify,
Lord, lead me on!
Purge me from every stain,
Revive my soul again,
Revive my soul again,
Lord, lead me on!

Thy service is so sweet,
Lord, lead me on!
It makes my joy complete,
Lord, lead me on!
Give me more fighting power,
For God and souls each hour,
For God and souls each hour,
Lord, lead me on!

OH, WONDROUS LOVE!

Tunes—Oh, how He loves, 129; Song Book, 82.
Have you seen the Crucified?
Oh, wondrous love!
Do you know for all He died?
Oh, wondrous love!
Have you seen His thorn-crowned brow?
Have you felt the crimson flow?
Do you His Salvation know?
Oh, wondrous love!

Do you know your sins forgiven?
Have you had a taste of Heaven?
Has His love cast out your fears?
Has He wiped away your tears?
At His word hell disappears.

Is your heart now full of joy?
Have you peace bought at cost?
Is not this Salvation grand?
May it spread through every land—
Lend the poor a helping hand.

GLORY TO THE LAMB!

Tunes—Glory, Jesus saves me, 143; Always cheerful, 140.
Precious Saviour, Thou dost save me;
Thine, and only Thine, I am;

Oh, the cleansing Blood has reached me;
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

Chorus
Glory, glory, Jesus saves me!
Long my yearning heart was striving
To obtain this precious rest;
But, when all my struggles ended,
Simply trusting, I was blest.

WITH THE WOUNDED IN THE LAND OF OLD NILE

(Continued from Page 12)
there is not one pin to choose between them, whether they hail from the Mother Country or speak with the accent which we have come to associate with the Antipodes.

A Retrospect

The foregoing paragraph will give our readers some idea of the nursing work which is going on in Egypt at the present time. It is being extended and organized as necessity requires, and things are now very different from those early days when, before the development of the Dardanelles operations, the chief military hospitals of Cairo (situated at the Citadel and Abnash Barracks), combined with that also at Abnash and those at the various Colonial camps, proved all-sufficient for the needs of the reinforced garrison and the British, Colonial, and Indian troops stationed throughout the country. Red Cross and voluntary aid efforts were, however, in full swing long before the Canal operations freshened what Egypt might expect in times of war, though till the Dardanelles operations loomed above the horizon there was little realization of the full intensity of the future.

Once upon a time the chief cause for complaint in Cairo was the infection forced upon troops who were wild to get to business, and when the arrival of the first hospital ship from Australia in the middle of January, with its scores of medical officers, its hundreds of trained nurses, and its elaborate equipment of hospital stores, etc., was linked with a feeling almost akin to derision. Many a day since have blessings been showered on the Commissioned for its magnificent forethought.

As before remarked, the Canal operations gave a foretaste of what was to follow, and the first of the hospital trains emulating the sick and wounded to Cairo gave very satisfactory proof of the capable arrangements made by the Egyptian State Railway in its equipment and design, while the V.A.D. was able to test its capacities in tending the wounded travelling en route.

In the tremendous rush that followed it was impossible to observe any system as to the placing of the wounded, and for several weeks British and Colonial Egyptian Government, and private medical men, trained military nurses and orderlies with many native nannies (native hospital orderlies) and amateur Red Cross helpers, worked shoulder to shoulder to slay the sufferings of the wounded hundreds who passed through their hands.

As can be seen above, all that has been altered, and we have an organized series of hospitals linked with convalescent homes and health camps such as those established in the hotels of Al Hayat and the Grand Palace, also at Helwan, which is the generous loan of the Sultan to the Red Cross, various others in close connection with the camps and barracks, not to mention the private homes of the residents which have been placed at the disposal of the military authorities.—The Sphere.

COMING EVENTS

COMM. RICHARDS

Toronto (Iola Theatre, Danforth and Gough)—Dec. 19; 11 a.m., 3 and 7 p.m.
Chester—Dec. 19.
Temple—Christmas Morning.
Temple—Watchnight Service.
Toronto—Jan. 9. (Young People's Day)
Hamilton—Jan. 16. (Young People's Day)
Peterboro.—January 23. (Young People's Day)
Toronto—Jan. 30. (Bandmen's Sunday)
Bermuda—Feb. 6-13.

COLONEL GASKIN

Temple—Christmas Morning.
Temple—Watchnight Service.
Toronto—Jan. 9. (Young People's Day)
Hamilton—Jan. 16. (Young People's Day)
Peterboro.—January 23. (Young People's Day)
Ottawa, L.—Feb. 13.

COLONEL and MRS. JACOBS

Mimico, Christmas Morning; Industrial Corps, Christmas Afternoon; Thornhill, New Year's Day.
LT. COL. HARGRAVE—Chester, Dec. 19.

LIEUT.-COL. and MRS. CHANDLER

Hamilton—1, Dec. 25; Hamilton, 3, Jan. 24; Hamilton, 1, Jan. 7, 14, 16 (Young People's Day); Bracebridge, Jan. 19; Huntsville, Jan. 20; North Bay, Jan. 21; Hespeler, Jan. 22-23; Cobalt, Jan. 24; New Liskeard, Jan. 25; Surgeon Falls, Jan. 27.

LIEUT.-COL. and MRS. OTWAY

Belle Island, Dec. 18-19; Long Point, Dec. 21; St. John's Headquarters (Distribution of Christmas Parcels); St. John's, 1, Dec. 25; St. John's, 2, Dec. 26.

LIEUT.-COLONEL SMEETON

Chester, Dec. 19.
BRIG. MORRIS—Chester, Dec. 19; Ottawa, 1, Jan. 23.

BRIG. MILLER—West Toronto, Dec. 19.

BRIG. ADY—Orangeville, Dec. 18-19; Lisgar Street, Dec. 22; Temple, Dec. 25; Dovercourt, Dec. 26; Temple, Dec. 31; West Toronto, Jan. 2; Toronto Young People's Day, Jan. 9.

BRIG. BETTRIDGE—Chester, Dec. 19; Temple (Toronto), Xmas Morning; Lisgar St., Jan. 2; Earlscourt, Jan. 3; Wexwood, Jan. 4; Toronto, Young People's Day, Jan. 9; Lippincott St., Jan. 10; N. Toronto, Jan. 11; Dovercourt, Jan. 13; Hamilton, Young People's Day, Jan. 16; Peterboro, Young People's Day, Jan. 23.

BRIG. and MRS. BELL—Chester, Dec. 19.

BRIG. RAWLING (accompanying by Staff-Captain White)—Woodstock, Dec. 18-19; Wallaceburg, Dec. 21; Dresden, Dec. 22; Clinton, Dec. 23; Tilsonburg, Dec. 27; London, 1, Dec. 31; Windsor, Jan. 1-2.

BRIG. and MRS. MOREHEN—Montreal, 6, Dec. 12.

MAJOR MCGILLIVRAY—Montreal, 1, Dec. 17-19; Ottawa, 3, Dec. 20; Ottawa, 1, Dec. 21.
MAJOR and MRS. McAMMOND—Bowmanville, Dec. 18-19.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Chard—Temple (Toronto), Dec. 26.

Staff-Capt. Burrows—Guelph, Dec. 18-19; Hamilton, 1, Dec. 25; Ham-

WE ARE Looking for You

It will search for missing persons, and if the police fail to find you, we will find you. We are looking for you in all the cities, towns, and villages of the world. We are looking for you in all the cities, towns, and villages of the world. We are looking for you in all the cities, towns, and villages of the world.

EDWARDS, FRANK, 1874. At present, old, frayed, with missing hair, about 14 in. height, 14 in. weight, 14 in. build, but may have gone to Australia. Last known address, 14 in. Arthur St., Dec. 19, Oct. 19, photo.

WAGNER, WILLIAM, 1874. At present, old, frayed, with missing hair, about 14 in. height, 14 in. weight, 14 in. build, but may have gone to Australia. Last known address, 14 in. Arthur St., Dec. 19, Oct. 19, photo.

FRANCIS, WILLIAM, 1874. At present, old, frayed, with missing hair, about 14 in. height, 14 in. weight, 14 in. build, but may have gone to Australia. Last known address, 14 in. Arthur St., Dec. 19, Oct. 19, photo.

SAID, YUJO, 1875. Fair, medium build, about 14 in. height, 14 in. weight, 14 in. build, but may have gone to Australia. Last known address, 14 in. Arthur St., Dec. 19, Oct. 19, photo.

BALDING, FRANK, 1877. Last seen in 1913. At present, old, frayed, with missing hair, about 14 in. height, 14 in. weight, 14 in. build, but may have gone to Australia. Last known address, 14 in. Arthur St., Dec. 19, Oct. 19, photo.

JOHNSON, BERT, 1878. Canadian, age 27, height 5 ft. 11 in., weight 140 lbs., fair complexion, fair hair, blue eyes, married, one child, 14 in. height, 14 in. weight, 14 in. build, but may have gone to Australia. Last known address, 14 in. Arthur St., Dec. 19, Oct. 19, photo.

"O. D. G." 1878. If "O. D. G." left New Liskeard (New Ontario) Dec. 19, will write home in 14 in. height, 14 in. weight, 14 in. build, but may have gone to Australia. Last known address, 14 in. Arthur St., Dec. 19, Oct. 19, photo.

SLATTERY, MRS. JANE, 1880. Married, age 25, height 5 ft. 11 in., weight 140 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, and a fair complexion. Last heard of two years ago when she was employed as a waitress in some hotel in Montreal, Que. Better acquainted.

FARR, ARTHUR ALFRED, 1881. Single, age 34, height 5 ft. 11 in., weight 140 lbs., dark hair, brown eyes, and a fair complexion. When last heard from two years ago he was working on a farm and his address was 14 in. Arthur St., Dec. 19, Oct. 19, photo.

CLOUGH, BERTHAM H., 1881. Born two years ago came to Canada from Old Country and obtained work on farm in Lallo Simcoe district. Two years ago worked for a Mr. Simcoe (local office) Toronto. May have entered last known address, 14 in. Arthur St., Dec. 19, Oct. 19, photo.

BROWN, JAMES EDWARD, 1881. Usually called James. Born in 14 in. height, 14 in. weight, 14 in. build, but may have gone to Australia. Last known address, 14 in. Arthur St., Dec. 19, Oct. 19, photo.

MICHAELSON, EMIL, 1882. Married, age 27, height 5 ft. 11 in., weight 140 lbs., dark hair, brown eyes, and a fair complexion. In August, 1914, was working on a farm in 14 in. height, 14 in. weight, 14 in. build, but may have gone to Australia. Last known address, 14 in. Arthur St., Dec. 19, Oct. 19, photo.

BARRETT, CHARLES, age about 19, height 5 ft. 11 in., weight 140 lbs., dark hair, brown eyes, and a fair complexion. No definite information has been received from him, though he is at one time in 14 in. height, 14 in. weight, 14 in. build, but may have gone to Australia. Last known address, 14 in. Arthur St., Dec. 19, Oct. 19, photo.

The WARCRI

Bringing Home the Christmas Tree
Xmas Number 135



Bringing Home the Christmas Tree
Xmas Number 135

BETHLEHEM'S STAR STILL SHINES

By MRS. GENERAL BOOTH

THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL OF JOY must this year for all but some of the little children be shadowed with sorrow. For those too young to understand and realize the anguish and sorrow of this terrible war, their parents and friends will, I hope, arrange some happy hours. Christmas is usually a bright star in the outlook of the young, and the opportunities of enjoying the celebration as a child are none too many. From my heart I would say therefore to the little ones, 'A Merry Christmas, my darlings! I hope that you may be happy, and happier still because you have stretched out even your tiny hands to help some of those who are in darkness and sorrow at this time.'

For, alas! how large a part of the earth is clouded with sorrow. And yet, even so far as this happy festival is concerned, this is nothing new. Has not sorrow been associated with Christmas since the day when those bitter tears were drawn from the eyes of the mothers in Palestine? 'In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted because they are not.'

What a countless number of Rachels weeping for their lost ones are to be found in our midst at this time—throughout Great Britain and her colonies, in Belgium, France, Germany, Austria, Serbia, Turkey, Russia, and Japan! Yet in spite of the raging conflict, and in the midst of the bitter sorrow, the Star of Bethlehem does still shine for all! We cannot be reminded of the return of the Christmas Festival—of that greatest of all mysteries—that most wonderful of all miracles—that most far-reaching of all facts—when 'the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us'—when God came down to earth in the form of a tender babe on its mother's breast—without rejoicing in that manifestation which made it possible for us to know that God is Love. Even in the dark winter of 1915 we may join with the multitudes of the Heavenly Host in praising God for His great Gift, and pray while we praise.

The shade of sorrow resting upon so many peoples just now may by God's blessing serve to make more brilliant the brightness of the Star of Bethlehem. The messengers, that over land and sea have been speeding

(Concluded on Page 6)



THE WAR CRY EDITORIAL COMMENT

A GLIMPSE OF DAWN

Watchman, what of the night?
"The night is far spent and the day is at hand."

WE BELIEVE THIS TO BE TRUE of the long, bloody night of war. Yet at no time during the year that has passed has the gloom been more dense or widespread than now. Since we wrote of the war in our last Christmas Number the world has seen such deeds of violence and bloodshed as were never reached on this old round earth before. The terror that flesh by sight and the pestilence that wasteth at noon day were never so fearsome in form and destructive in power as in this twentieth century. The tortures of the blood-lusting Iroquois warriors were mild compared to terrors of poison gas, aerial bombs, burning torpedoes, and the deeds done in accordance with a policy of frightfulness. Again, never at any period of the war has there been so many belligerent countries as now. Truly, it is a time of Egyptian darkness! But, hark! It is the darkness that cometh before the dawn—the night is far spent and the day is at hand. And surely the world is longing for the daybreak. The day-spring from on high has visited us, and if man had not been so blinded by this world, long ere this the spear would have been beaten into the ploughshare, and cannon would only be places in which birds would build their nests. However, up to the present, pride has ruled men's hearts; selfish ambitions have swayed their souls; they have neglected God, and, in consequence, the world, at the time of writing, is steeped in woe. But saith the Almighty, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay!" So sorcerers and people who will this catalysis of woe will have to drink the bitter cup of abasement to the dregs. And what then? Man will have learned the folly of war, and will exalt the Prince of Peace. So let us pursue the path of duty with an unflinching trust in the Fatherhood of God, and confidence that all will come right, cheerfully making such sacrifices for the bringing about of righteousness and peace as may be demanded, and looking to the time when the Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in His wings.

AN INTERNATIONAL RELIGION

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE General Mr. Harold Begbie.

"William Booth—that mighty old man with the heart of a child—did what no Englishman had ever done before him, did the one thing no Englishman was supposed capable of doing; he established an international religion. Alone among all the religious organizations in Great Britain, The Salvation Army is international."
"The son of William Booth reigns in his stead, and finds just now his international religion buffeted by the winds of war. He of all religious leaders in this country is most concerned by the international character of the war. German Salvationists are shooting English Salvationists, and Russian Salvationists are shooting Austrian Salvationists. The General of The Salvation Army, like the Pope in Rome, must keep his head. He keeps it, I think, very effectively."
That Salvationists can serve their respective countries and still love one another is abundantly shown, we think, by the remarkable cases given in the article, "Salvationists on the Battlefield," found in this number.

SALVATIONISTS AT THE FRONT

ACCORDING TO THE GENERAL'S STATEMENT to Mr. Harold Begbie in an interview, there are forty thousand Salvationists in the British Army—twenty thousand out-and-outers and twenty thousand adherents. This, to us, seems rather a conservative estimate. At one of our Toronto Corps, up to last September, seventeen Bandsmen, twenty Soldiers, and fifty-five adherents had enlisted. We enquired of other Corps in the Territory, and the proportion of Soldiers and adherents works out in the proportion of thirty Soldiers to fifty adherents. Salvationists take this war very seriously, and are none the worse soldiers on that account. The youngest company sergeant-major in the British Army is an Ottawa Bandsman—now in the trenches, if he is not in Glory. Several Salvationists have won Distinguished Conduct Medals, and one, at least, that we know of has won the Victoria Cross; whilst several others have received commissions. Some Salvationists are troubled in their souls at having to kill, and one of them

mentioned this difficulty to another Salvationist, who thus made answer: "Look here, what you've got to do is this: you've got to do your duty to God and King and country. If, in the course of doing that duty, you happen to kill your fellow-man, that is no affair of yours." The Salvationist's conception of duty in this war is shown by the words of a dying Salvationist: "Tell my wife," said he to a Salvation Army Officer, "that I died for King and country, but I died for her and the children, too." Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friend. That is the spirit in which Salvationists fight. This will be a sorrowful Christmas for many a wife and mother. Let us remember them in our prayers and comfort them by our ministrations of kindness.

RED CROSS MOTOR CARS

WE UNDERSTAND that the Maple Leaf Unit of five Motor Ambulances for service at the front, dedicated by the Commissioner at the recent Toronto Congress, and sent by him to The General, has arrived in England, and will be duly dispatched to Russia. These cars, as the other Salvation Army Units at the front, will be operated by Salvationists.

THE THIRD GENERATION

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING PAGES in our Christmas Number—to Salvationists, at any rate—will be the page of portraits of the sons and daughters of General and Mrs. Bramwell Booth—"The Third Generation." The young people look what they undoubtedly are—Blood-and-Fire Salvationists. They reflect credit on their parents and create confidence for the future. Their natural abilities and educational attainments qualify them for posts of great usefulness, and that they abundantly possess the spirit of The Army is made very clear in the delightful personal sketches of them found elsewhere in this issue. We heartily congratulate The General and Mrs. Booth on their splendid family, and pray that their highest hopes for them may be altogether realized. God bless all, and a happy Christmas to them, everyone!



COMMISSIONER AND MRS. SOWTON, CANADA WEST

AN EPOCHAL HAPPENING

THE PAST YEAR has been notable for an epoch-making development in connection with the administration of The Salvation Army in Canada. We refer to the separation of the Western Province from those East of Port Arthur. The separation took place last July, and Commissioner and Mrs. Sownton were, by The General, entrusted with the new Territory—Canada West, as the new Territory is officially designated. They have been well received, and in labours have been abundant, having risked nearly every part of their extensive Command. The Commissioner's last appointment was in India, and we have received from him the promise of an interesting account of The Army's operations in the Indian Empire for our next Easter Number. One striking feature of this special issue will be the portraits of Commissioner and Mrs. Sownton similar in style to the handsome portraits of Commissioner and Mrs. Richards found in this issue.

NEW RECORDS

IT IS JUST A LITTLE OVER TWELVE MONTHS since Comptroller Richards took command of the Eastern portion of Canada, Newfoundland, and the Bermudas. During that time he has established new records. His first Self-Denial Effort resulted in an excess of nearly nine thousand dollars over any previous effort. In the first year of his Fall Council, occupying a period of eight days, a total of \$53,519. And meetings in the Massey Hall, were a magnificent success. In connection with these Councils, the greatest change of Staff Officers in Canada took place. During his first ten months' stay in Canada, the Commissioner travelled thirty-eight thousand miles, and conducted successful meetings attended by upwards of one hundred thousand persons, at which a thousand pressed to find Salvation and the same number the blessing of Sanctification. During this same period the Commissioner inaugurated the Life-Saving Scouts—a picture of a Toronto Troop appears elsewhere—and the Girl Guards. These two Organizations are similar in aim: the main purposes being the



ON MEN AND MATTERS CANADIAN

vation of the body
the Salvation of the
and—the Salvation
of the soul—the Sal-
vation of others. They
look very smart, have
come very popular,
and no doubt will ac-
complish much good
among the Young
people.

MAS. CHEER WANTED

WE SHOULD

LIKE to direct the attention of our readers to the opening page of the Fifteenth edition. The tripod, as stated in the outline of the picture, is a very familiar sight in Canadian cities at Christmas time, and we feel sure that by the time it is welcome sight to the hearts of passers-by who have felt compassionate at this time for those who have not. It is estimated that throughout the world The Salvation Army assists over a million people to a substantial Christmas meal. And even here in Canada there are thousands who, if it were not for The Salvation Army, would be without Christmas fare on Christmas Day. We earnestly appeal to our readers to remember the poor at Christmas. Some touching stories of worthy have already reached our Officers, who are laying themselves out to do all they can to relieve distress. Will you help them? Further particulars concerning Christmas Cheer and Winter Relief Work will be found on page Thirty-one of this issue.

TRIKING FIGURES
IT MAY BE OF INTEREST to our readers to know that throughout the world The Salvation Army has no fewer than 268 Shelters, Food Depots, and kindred institutions, which last year supplied nearly eight million beds and nearly fourteen million meals to the very poor. There are 106 Industrial Institutions, at which 95,985 men were supplied with temporary and permanent work during the year; while at our Labour Bureaux 95,119 situations were found during the same period.

A ZULU WARRIOR

SOMEWHERE WILL BE FOUND a striking picture of a scene in a Zulu village, together with some interesting missionary sketches. The Zulu figure in the picture, whose head is gripped by the woman Officer is remarkable man. He is now an Adjutant, and at the recent International Congress in London (England), spoke in the Royal Albert Hall. And in our opinion few speakers have moved an audience as that Zulu Officer, who had multitude of all nations, when he spoke of the time when a white man on the plains informed him of the death of The Army's Founder.

"Now that The General is dead," said the predictor of evil, "your Army will soon be done and finished with, and you had better see about getting another congregation."

We looked at Mbambo's broad, honest face, glistening with perspiration at those bronze limbs—models for the sculptor—adorned with the arctic finery which delighted his ancestors, and could imagine the firm tone and splendid assurance with which the native orator replied thus to be scoffing white man: "It is not so! The Army will not be done and finished with! For I have been to England and I have seen the greatness of The Salvation Army. With these two eyes I have seen the will of The General! 'The Salvation Army will go on!' To the world, with its ideas of hereditary chiefdom, the Army stood in no jeopardy."

In passing, we may say that Adjutant Mbambo himself is a fine example of the effectiveness of Salvation Army principles and methods. Twenty-two years ago he, and another native, were converted under the shade of a mimosa tree in the heart of Zululand. They were the first native converts of Lieut. Colonel Smith, the present Secretary for the Native Work and Sanitation. The Adjutant has become the chief Officer of a district of a hundred square miles, and the second converted Deputy and chief letter writer in his district.

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

ONE OF OUR ILLUSTRATIONS depicts a subject that is likely to strike a tender chord in many a heart this Christmas. It is that entitled "Somewhere in France." Many a young wife and mother in Canada at this Christmas-tide will remember with a sorrowful heart that last Christmas the Bandsman-husband was at home by her side, but this Christmas he is subject to the hardships and dangers of the battlefield in the great war against war. Approximately two hundred and fifty Canadian Salvation Army Bandsmen alone are serving their God, King, and country with the overseas forces. Let us who, by sex, age, or other disability, cannot serve our country in this way, do what we can by means of tender hearts and cheerful countenances to bring cheer and consolation into the homes and lives of those who are bereft or saddened by the suffering and absence of loved ones. Let us remind them of Christ the Great Comforter, and also continue our prayers for absent comrades at the front. But not comrades of our own nationality only: let us remember that God has made of one blood all nations and races of men, and pray that French and German, Russian and Hun, may turn their dying eyes to the life-giving Cross.

OUR ARMY AND THE WAR

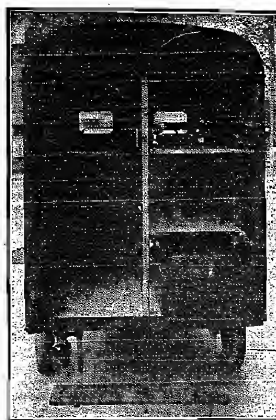
AT ONE OF THE SESSIONS of the Annual Congress meetings held in Toronto last October for the Province of Ontario, attended by five hundred Officer-Delegates, a message was received from The General to the Officers of Eastern Canada, which evoked much thrilling enthusiasm. From it we extract the following passages:—

"Your steadfast devotion to the principles of The Army, and your faith in God following upon the dark mystery of the St. Lawrence River, have both encouraged my own soul and raised my hopes on high for a glorious future. Join with me in thanking God for this, and also for the steady advance of The Army in the whole world. Since your last annual gatherings, the dark clouds of war have been hanging low and heavy over many of the great nations of the earth. Vast hosts of armed men are, as I write, struggling in deadly conflict; whole communities of innocent people are suffering the most appalling consequences of war; wide over a still-winter area of human life there spreads the spirit of hate which is the enemy of all that is good, alike in the present and in the future, the foe of both God and man."

"Amidst all these grave and agitating perils, it is no small thing to be able to report that our beloved Army, sustained by the devotion and enthusiasm of its own people and by the Hand of God upon it for good, goes forward, year after year, a year of advance—a year of increase—a year, in spite of all, of Love and Faith and Victory."

"Comrades, I feel that I must congratulate you on the relationship of love between you and your lately-appointed Leader, Commissioner Richards. It seems to me that in this I can see a sign of the approval of God upon my selection of a Successor to one whose memory will always be precious in Canada—dear Commissioner Rex. May the Living God confirm and establish you in each other's hearts, and graciously answer the prayers for others which are sent to Him."

A Khaki Band of over sixty members—all Toronto Salvationists from the military camp at Niagara—look on at one of the meetings held in connection with this Congress. They rendered excellent service, and expressed a desire that the Khaki Band, during their stay in the Toronto training camp, should, if they remain intact, be utilized in specialising in some of the nearby towns. If military. (Concluded on Page 6)



A Rear View, showing the interior of a Motor Ambulance



One of the Recently-formed Life-Saving Guards



BETHLEHEM'S STAR STILL SHINES

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE)

to thousands of homes with their sad tidings of bereavement and suffering, will surely make the glad tidings of great joy that proclaimed the Saviour's birth only the more welcome!

Have not the shackles of the slave, and the danger of the oppressor in every age, magnified the light of liberty and freedom? And for us in this time of awful conflict, will not the carnage, the strife, the cruelty, the desolation, make the message of peace on earth, goodwill toward men, the more precious just because the need is so great?

If this message had never been proclaimed, how black indeed had been our darkness! But glory to God in the Highest, the Saviour has come. There is no night so dark but that the Star of Bethlehem can lighten it! There is no sorrow so bitter that the Son of God cannot share, for surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows! In all our afflictions, He is afflicted, and when our heart is breaking, the Angel of His Presence can save us from despair. There is now no night without a dawn, no afflicted one who cannot be comforted.

Sorrow and Love go side by side,
Nor height, nor depth can e'er divide
Their heav'n appointed bands.
Those dear associates still are one,
Nor till the race of life is run
Disjoin their wedded hands.

So let the followers of Christ lift up their heads on this precious Anniversary of our Saviour's birth, and let them go forth with greater assurance than ever before to carry the unending remedy for all ills into the darkest places at this dark time.

Go forth to prepare the way for the Light of the World. The Light of His Understanding proclaiming that He knows all things and that He is above all—that the government is upon His shoulder—that the hearts of kings and rulers and governors are in His hand—that the Lord reigneth! "Alleluia for the Lord omnipotent reigneth!"

And prepare the way also for the Light of His Compassion! There is no suffering but reaches His heart. His ears have heard the little child-



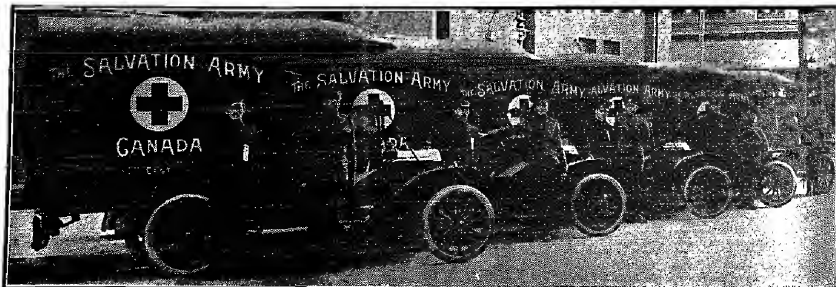
MRS. GENERAL BOOTH

OUR ARMY AND THE WAR

(Continued from Page 5)
Necessities permit the men remaining in Toronto over the winter, arrangements will be made to

give effect to this proposal. Testimonies are reaching us from all hands as to the good influence that Salvationists bring to the rest of the men with whom they are brought into contact. Many have been led to Christ, or led to abandon

harmful habits, through the personal efforts of Salvationist comrades, while the efforts of the Chaplains in their public meetings have been largely owned of God. Let us continue steadfast in our prayers on their behalf.



The Motor Ambulance Unit Presented to The General by Canada East, for Service Among Our Russian Allies.

ren's cry and He will avenge them. "He that is higher than the highest regardeth."

And is not one of the most terrible dangers of this time, not merely the physical suffering brought about by the war—not the physical wounds—not the horrors of the dying on the wintry fields—not the pestilence and starvation—but the darkness of moral ruin which is spreading over so many hearts—the victims of the drink—the victims of lust—the victims of the special temptations which have overtaken so many of the young far away from the restraining influences of home and country? Upon this thick darkness the Light of His Purifying Truth can shine, for "He is able to succour them that are tempted."

The question has been asked, Does not this war between Christian nations indicate a failure of Christianity? We cannot deny that it is itself contrary to the spirit of Christianity, but apart from the influence of Christianity, there would be no voice raised to bewail the war. There would be no protest made against its atrocities or cruelties. And we may, with confidence this Christmas-time remind ourselves and proclaim to all the world that peace and good will toward men is the Christ ideal, and that the followers of Christ it is for this we must wait, for this we may, if necessary, wage war. For, as God called to Cyrus of old, saying, "whose right hand I have holden to subdue nations before him," so He calls to His followers in every land to join Him in opposition to all that is opposed to His pure and perfect will. Yes, the proclamation of the Good Tidings was never more necessary.

Come to us, blest and blessing, Christmas Day! Tell us once more the tale of Bethlehem. What 'tis to be a man; to give, not take. To serve, not rule; to nourish, not devour; To help, not crush; if need to die, not live.

Human life is the highest in God's creation. In the mineral kingdom we have existence without growth, in the vegetable world growth without animation, in the lower animal life animation without reason; but in the higher human life we have all three—growth, animation, and reason; political, social, and moral attributes.

SALVATIONISTS ON THE BATTLEFIELD

HOW BRITISH, BELGIAN & GERMAN SALVATION SOLDIERS HELPED ONE ANOTHER

THE GIFT OF A GUERNSEY
When the Highgate Salvation Army Corps Band visited the King Albert Hospital for convalescent Belgian soldiers, the Bandmen were greatly surprised to see a red guernsey worn by one of the men. Inquiries elicited the fact that his wearer was a good Salvationist, Private Le Clercq by name, hailing from near Liege, and wounded in the retreat from Antwerp in October, 1914. He was now boldly testifying of his Salvationism before his wounded comrades.

A CUP OF COLD WATER
The battle of — was in progress, and our trenches were being shelled by the enemy's fire. We were expecting to be told that the German guns would have to be silenced, and presently along the line came the order "Charge!" We scrambled into the open and rushed forward, met by a perfect hail of bullets. Many of our men hit the dust, but we who remained came to grips with the enemy. I cannot write of what happened then. The killing of men is a ghastly business!

"On the way back to the trenches I saw a poor German soldier trying to get to his water bottle. He was in a fearful condition. I knelt down by his side. Finding his own water bottle was empty, I gave him water from mine. Somewhat revived, he opened his eyes and saw my Salvation Army League's badge. His face drew face lit up with a smile, and he whispered in broken English: 'Salvation Army? I also am a Salvation Soldier.' Then he felt for his Army badge. It was still pinned to his coat, though bespattered with blood.

"I think we both shed a few tears, and then I picked up his poor, broken body, and with as much tenderness as possible, for the terrible hail of death was beginning again, I carried him to the ambulance. But he was beyond human aid. When I placed him on the wagon he gave a gentle tug at my coat, thinking he wanted to say something I bent low and listened, and he whispered: 'Jesus, save my Jesus!'"

A CUP OF TEA

"There's one man down!" shouted a sergeant of an East Lancashire Regiment, as he saw one of our section fall about fifty yards from where I was standing. "I rotate a comrade of that regiment. 'I at once ran to pick him up and carry him to the little wooden building used as a temporary hospital. On the way toward him I was struck in the arm, but I managed to get my man, and started off with him to the hospital. I was shot again, but managed to get through to the hospital with my burden. There I found two other wounded men—a Britisher and a German. The latter was seriously injured in the stomach and was calling for a drink. Kneeling by his side I asked in German, 'Drink cold water?' 'No,' he answered. 'No!' And I determined that if I got shot in the attempt, the poor fellow should not die without having had something to warm him. I said to myself, 'I know I am ready, I'll chance it; if I do not get through, Heaven's my Home, what matters?'"

"I had my wounds dressed, and then went out. First I made tracks for the pump, about one hundred yards from the shed, walking as best I could some of the distance, and crawling the remainder, for the shells were falling and exploding all about me. Thank God, He spared me to get there safely.

"Having got the water safely I gathered some sticks, and went back to the shed; taking some needles from my pocket I lit a fire in the open and boiled the water, making a nice hot drink. The shells were whistling around all the time.

"My poor German was too far gone to move, so getting down, I placed his head upon my knee and gave him a drink. Oh, how grateful he was; tears of gratitude came into his eyes. I shall never forget that moment, all enmity was forgotten, and we loved each other. Thank God He spared me to do at least that one act of kindness to a fallen foe."

THE GIFT OF A GUERNSEY

When the Highgate Salvation Army Corps Band visited the King Albert Hospital for convalescent Belgian soldiers, the Bandmen were greatly surprised to see a red guernsey worn by one of the men. Inquiries elicited the fact that his wearer was a good Salvationist, Private Le Clercq by name, hailing from near Liege, and wounded in the retreat from Antwerp in October, 1914. He was now boldly testifying of his Salvationism before his wounded comrades.

The guernsey (of cardigan jacket shape) was obviously Salvation Army, though that title had been removed and the English words "God is Love" substituted. Why? And how did he come by it? Were questions which immediately sprang into existence, and to answer them occasions the telling of an interesting story within a story—a story which takes one back to the stricken fields of Belgium during September of last year.

One day our comrade came across a German soldier who had just been taken prisoner. By means of unmistakable signs he gave Le Clercq to understand that he also was a Salvationist, and the two enemies were presently fraternizing as friends. The weather was cold and the German was insufficiently clad, so Brother Le Clercq



THE GLORY OF WAR

divested himself of his warm red guernsey and gave it to the other. Strange scene this at the battle field! A Belgian colonel noted the act and expressed some surprise.

"Oh, but he's my brother in Christ," explained Le Clercq to the officer.

"A strange brother," said the colonel with an amused shrug. "I wonder you trust him!"

"A brother-Salvationist, sir," replied Le Clercq, "it's all right."

The next month our comrade was wounded, and found himself, in due course, being treated in a hospital near Ypres. To his bedside came a clergyman who regularly visited the sufferers. When this gentleman found that Le Clercq was a Salvationist he became deeply interested, and they had a number of conversations from time to time. One day Le Clercq told of the battle field incident, and the landing over of the guernsey. This moved his new friend so much that he said:

"Then I shall give you mine for yourself, though I value it so highly!"

"But you haven't got a Salvation Army guernsey," said the wonderful Le Clercq. (He was prepared for surprises in the Old Country, but hardly for that.)

"Indeed I have," said the other, "and I have

worn it off and on for nearly twenty-five years. It is still good." And so it was the clergyman's red jacket which Le Clercq was wearing before that Highgate hospital when the Band came.

We are inclined to share the Belgian's wonder, for it is not exactly usual that a Church clergyman, however "warm," should own and wear a Salvation Army guernsey. How did this thing come about? That makes the other story!

Twenty-five years ago in the neighbourhood of Lovestoft a certain bad man had a good wife. He was a deep-sea fisherman, not over particular as to his language, fond of strong liquor potations, and altogether indifferent to religion. His wife, on the other hand, was a Salvationist, a woman of prayer, and she was sorely tried and anxious by her husband's early godlessness. The clergyman in question used to go out upon the deep with the trawlers in his quest for some fish which she could feed her convalescent. One night on the dark waters God gave him the man's soul. The grateful convert, out of respect to his spiritual father, said he would join the Church, but the clergyman said:

"Your wife is a Salvationist; she has been praying for you. Be the same; serve God together!" He obeyed, and their's became a proper Salvation Army home.

Knowing her hotelmaster to go on long sea journeys, as far north as the Shetlands, so bleak and cold, the wife got him to accept from her, as an "outward and visible sign" of her gratitude, the present of a warm Salvation Army guernsey of the jacket shape. This old friend wore when extra cold (and, may we add, when extra spiritually warm) on his travels, and at Salvation Army meetings in the Orkneys. Feeling that perhaps he was not entitled to wear it with its "Salvation Army" words, these were replaced by "God is Love." When not being worn the jacket was carefully kept from moth and dust by its owner. And only a great admiration for our Belgian comrade made him offer it up as a gift after these years of possession. In strange scenes and strange times, on Brother Le Clercq's soldierly frame, the guernsey is performing its witnessing service still.

NEAR TURKISH TRENCHES

An interesting letter is to hand from The Salvation Army Chaplain, Brigadier McKenzie, who is with the Australian troops. From the Gallipoli Peninsula he writes:

"I came right up into the firing line with the troops of the — Brigade — where the Turkish trenches are within fifty yards of us; in fact, I was sent for as the boys were anxious I should be with them, and to tell the truth, I was nervous to be with them, and near them. They were more than glad to meet me, and it is touching to see how solicitous they are for my welfare and safety."

"You will, of course, read all about our terrible struggle. The Australians have accomplished what the impossible, and very many brave things have been done that will never be heard of. Their achievement ranks as one of the most glorious feats in the present war. Of course, we have had to pay a heavy price as we had no guns, only rifles and bayonets, and had to face a deadly hail of shrapnel and machine gun, and yet carried trench after trench."

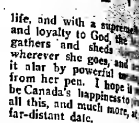
"The loss of so many brave and loyal men is a sore trial to me, and it has weighed my soul with anguish."

"I am reading the burial service over many of them, and also have to conduct a good many funerals every day. Our colonel, with our brigadier, brigade major, and many other gallant officers were lost the first two days."

"We found the colonel's body the first day I arrived, lying in an exposed position. We hurried him at 9 p.m. I had to lie in a crouching position to not be seen, the bullets by the hundreds meanwhile whistling over my head. By the mercy of God I continue to the present, although I was nearly 'outed' on four separate occasions. (Concluded on Page 30)

Seven Gifts to the Holy War

By Mrs. Brigadier Carpenter



High Barnet Citadel—The Home Corps of the Third Generation

To exchange the free, joyous life of airmen for the life of a cadet, a young woman must be properly served, the authorities were kept, and the authorities were kept. The young woman must be properly served, the authorities were kept, and the authorities were kept. The young woman must be properly served, the authorities were kept, and the authorities were kept.

[illegible]

The General and Mrs. Booth have allowed no road to greatness for their family. To judge the figure, as their feathers have grown, parents have tipped the young birds out of protecting nest; they have to make their own; the pinnacle they will reach depends upon spirit of the birds rather than the name they hear.

All the children have been active Soldiers of the High Barnet Corps, cycling there in all others from Hadley Wood; and, as Local Corps, taking a responsible part in the Corps' activities. Their enthusiastic service is happy, because memory to Officers and Soldiers.

A SAINTLY CHARACTER

MAJOR CATHERINE BOOTH was the first of The General's family to fulfil the desire of her parents and her General in making the way of the Cross her way, and deliberately choosing Salvation Army Officership as her career. The Major commanded important Corps during her work in the field, after which she was appointed to the Training College, where, during her Trai-

life, and with a supreme
and loyalty to God, the
gathers and sheds
wherever she goes, and
it alar by powerful
from her pen. I hope
be Canada's happiness
all this, and much more,
far-distant date.

ENSIGN MARY BOOTH
"I SHOOK hands with Captain Mary Booth, rough-and-ready Salvationist to me a couple of years ago and continued: "I'll tell you why I wanted to leave across canvassing, and across an old woman who she had for a long time been ill and alone, that Mary Booth has been after day and tidied up rooms and nursed her though she belonged to. Many might think that General's daughters are good for taking front seats being made much of, but and look after a poor old woman, and for nobody

dispositions that such men
Not so with Ensign
to art and to "have a
the Lord's little ones, pure
slings" and the forgotten
light of her life.

last Corps, a blessed work
began when the Ensign
Form and patiently point
led to the Saviour. The Lord
"He's 'lucy,' Captain
the young Captain was
truth, and the Sun of
with healing in His wings
another darkened day.

at Newport (I.O.W.) was
no interest in the
establishment, where a
talking to the men in the
to occupy the pulpit then
continues a helpful course.

the men even to-day. Corps work the Ensign as Candidates' Department officers, where she is enabled to bless thousands of young men. The Ensign deals with Union Candidates for Officers at Corps, intervisitation and in various other ways to offer their lives to God. Her life is very full, and she gives tender little touches to remember a girl who died in a hospital, by this means through to Officership, a dress and pray with a soldier in the kitchen, and to encourage

home on the platform; in
ee, and a direct simplicity
to the heart, she carries
a gentle face, but there is
the eyes and mouth dis
bility to tackle a burly,
breaking house," to con
meal, to pray with him, and
er to one of our Institution.

CAPTAIN MIRIAM BOOTH

"MIRIAM! She's a darling! The old General
over again! Such a marvel for catching
the people at every touch—shouting youngsters
around the open-air, old people, naughtily glib of
sorts. Miriam had a word, or a pat, or a smile,
or something, and the right thing for everyone,
and at the same time knew how to arrest and
hold the crowd."

So said the Officer to whom Captain Miriam
was "Booth" and she "Sergeant" during her
Training College term. The Captain was 27.

voice has not been heard in public for some time, yet a pamphlet written by her has been speaking to thousands of people.

I saw the Captain the evening before she was laid low by her illness. He came outside the door of my room for a little while at a Staff tent near Congress Hall and paid him pleasant little attentions. And he beamed on me like Her striking face, over which many expressions, grave and gay, played, gave promise of great, sweeping things; and then—of all the mysteries of life—for four long years the Captain had been dead.

The intimate foe, who still keeps her here from the fighting line. But her warrior spirit does not fail; she maintains a keen interest in our worldwide battlefield, and still hopes for the day when, released from the furnace of affliction, she may once more take up arms with us against sin and misery as manifested by many faces. Those who know and love her best are with her in this faith.

And who knows if the mothers and daughters in the far-off places of Canada, whose service is largely shut up to prayer, may not bring about so happy an answer to the glory of God and the blessing of the world. Pray for Captain Miriam.

CAPTAIN BERNARD BOOTH

IMIGHT speak of Captain Bernard's musical abilities, of his prolific "ideas"; tell that he is "a good talker" and an adept at raising money and making friends for The Army, which a rose-sold Denial total always shows. But you would look for more than these things in the eldest son of The General. And I am glad to be able to give it right up to date. The Captain is in charge of the Corps at Walford, an agricultural and manufacturing town. This Corps of some two hundred and fifty Soldiers, is a lively power for righteousness, and the Captain is making good his opportunity to bless souls. He has seen some

A few months ago a most abandoned woman, full of wretchedness and without hope, was on her way to commit suicide when she passed The Army open-air meeting. She hesitated a moment, then stopped and listened, was convicted of sin, and there and then flung herself at the drum-head and was wonderfully saved. Her life appeared a hopeless tangle of sin, but she was encouraged to come out of it all and trust God. The Captain set about getting work for her. He went to one employer of labour and said: "I want you to give a very rough character. So-and-so, a chance."

CADET DORA BOOTH

CANDIDATE DORA, who, as I write, is waiting for the Training Session to begin, is much like Major Catherine in appearance. "You could not say anything too good of her. She is sweet through and through. She will never hear an ill word of anyone, and has the happiest knack of making the best of people and things. So says Major Goodall of Mrs. Booth's youngest."

An indefatigable worker in the Corps, the Treasurer, and also an unofficial Visiting Sergeant, and general comforter. Cadet Dora will be much missed in Barner. She has interested herself in many poor families, getting the children to the Juniors and taking them into her drill class; this gave her an open door to the parents. One tired mother laid her burdens down and slipped away from the earth, but not before she had told Miss Dora that all was right with God.



The Main Street, High Barnet. Where the Third Generation Was Trained in Open-air Warfare

For a little crippled girl she obtained a special crutch. An inveterate boy truant, who had been sent to several reformatories, appealed to the heart of Captain Miriam. Some time later Miss Dora induced his mother to let him join the navy. A few months ago a neatly-written postcard came, requesting that "Jack" might come and see Cadet Dora.

A well-set-up tar put in his appearance, full of gratefulness for the understanding touch that had rescued him from a waster's life. Under the wholesome boardship discipline, schooling had become a pleasure, and the incorrigible is now quite a scholar, and what is better, he regularly sends his mother money to help in the home. For her large sympathies Cadet Dora will find unlimited scope in the work of her choice.

ADET WYCLIFFE BOOTH

THE striking likeness of Cadet Wycliffe to The General, in his build, his bearing, and his features, causes the prayer to ascend that he will follow his father along the way of consecration, application to the thing in hand, and faithfulness to duty which has given to The Army so noble and able a Leader.

A prominent Officer at International Headquarters, who has Soldiered at High Barnet for eight years, and seen Wycliffe spring from "knuckers" to man's estate, speaks of him as an enthusiastic and useful Soldier. "His testimony is clear as a bell, he has an intelligent grasp of regeneration by the power of God, and however small the ring, or seemingly small the opportunity, he never hesitates to speak.

"As Song-leader, Organizer, and Flamemaker he has been a real strength to the Corps. What things have been inclined to go flat at the operations on Harriet Commem, the Cadet was always ready with some bright, impromptu idea which stirred up things and created interest.

"Speaking of entering the work, Cadet Wyckoff said, "I could have often said, 'If I am going into the Corps, I will become my parent-in-law because I feel it to be my duty. Although the wish of my parents would have influenced me in the choice of a profession, I should never have become a Candidate unless I felt within myself strong desire to become an Officer. I look upon that as the greatest honor that one can have, and I am eager to grasp it."

These young people are willing and anxious to serve The Army with all their might; we of The Army may serve them by regarding them with an affectionate interest, and more by prayer than God will hold their feet in the narrow way, lead them forward in the light, and make them more than conquerors.—M. L. C.

A COURAGEOUS COMRADE

IN the sketch of Ensign Mary Booth, reference has been made to her "tackling a burglar." The following is an account of the incident, as recorded in the British "War Cry" at the time:

Last Thursday's London paper contained the following paragraph: "A burglar who broke into a Suburban Army Home in Clapton had a remarkable adventure. He entered a young woman's bedroom, and made a call for help, which brought Captain Booth, who once tackled a burglar on the wickedness of his conduct. She was told that what he had driven him to do, indeed, and she took him to the kitchen and gave him a good meal. While she ate she talked."

(Con. on Page 30.)

GOD'S PROMISES & MAN'S FAITH

By Commissioner Lucy Booth-Hellberg

"The Promises of God are sure—they are sure if—if you will only believe!" Last Words of the Late General Booth

I SUPPOSE there was never a time in the history of the world when a greater need of faith in the living God than the present—not because there have not been other wars, for the past abounds in conflicts, perhaps, in their way, as terrible as that which is now affecting the whole world—but rather because there never has been a war when civilization had reached the advanced stage of the present day, and religion become so widely established upon the face of the earth. Neither must we forget what science has done in the way of the horrible inventions of torture and death that now exist. The mighty guns, the deadly hidden mines, and even the waging of war in the air. Thus I think I am not wrong when I say that never has the world felt its foundation, so to speak, so shaken, and never perhaps have Christians felt their utter need of clinging fast to the bulwarks of faith as to-day.

I have thought, sometimes, that if this war had been predicted before my father's death—or, if, during those last days when he was fighting his way through the dark valley, it had been revealed to him that such a period of strife, attended by such a harvest of calamity and war, was already nearing its dawn, the last legacy he left us, the last conscious words he breathed on earth, could not have been more beautifully chosen wherewith to comfort us during these years of test since our loss!

I wonder how many—I was going to say thousands—of times I have gone over that last Sunday when he spoke them, and seen the sunshine as it danced upon the pattern of the red carpet in the sick chamber, and touched in the gentleness of its warm rays those dear, sightless eyes, and witnessed those wonderful, long, thin fingers that clasped in their fervent grip the loving, tender hands of my dear brother! That dear, burning head, as I held it in between my own hands, and the soft, white hair as I stroked it from the hot, feverish, yet death-tinted, brow. Oh, yes! Thousands of times I have seen that vision! In the railway cars I have seen it! In the hard, long, prayer meeting struggle for souls, I have seen it! Reflected in the weeping eyes of the penitent at the Penitent Form I have seen it! And now, even at this Christmastide, I shall see it all again! Then those words that I heard those dear lips utter, they were spoken with a struggle, but out they came. What a precious legacy for future generations: "The promises of God are sure—they are sure if—if you will only believe!" and again, "If you will only believe."

Oh, was it not just as if he knew what was coming? All the hate, all the anguish, all the awful sea of death that was going to sweep away in its remorseless waves the pick and prime of the nations' manhood! Just as though he knew we, whom he was going to leave behind, would want something that was more than a "scrap of paper" to hold out to a world bathed in mourning! Something more than a "scrap of paper" to whisper to the dying; with which to breathe the mortal courage into the living! Yes, it was just as if he knew—bless him! We did not, we could not see or understand the why and wherefore of that seeming mystery; but since then much of the veil concerning his death has been drawn away from our eyes, and we are glad he went. But his legacy he left behind him: "The promises of God they are sure, if—if you will only believe!" Oh, the anguish that little word "if" has cost thousands from the grave—Oh, the many "ifs" that have tortured us! If only I had tried that! If only I had taken them to that doctor, or to that climate, we have said, until our reason has trembled in the balance, and we have called out in our anguish, "What is the use now that they are gone?"

Does it not equally confront and torture the sinner—the backslider? "If that morning I contemplated committing the awful crime of murder, I had fallen upon my knees and prayed to God, my hands would never have been joined with blood!" said a murderer through his sobs the morning he was to be executed. "If only I had embraced my Cross afresh, instead of laying it

down for what looked like a crown, I should not see written on my dark wall every night in large white letters the words, 'Lost opportunities,'" said an ex-Officer to me, while her hot, feverish hand pressed mine, and her hot tears fell upon it.

"If only I could have given my sweet baby back to the Father who gives and the Father who takes, this terrible pain caused by rebellion would cease," spoke the sweetest of young mothers, as with her dead darling upon her knee, she kept planting burning kisses, watered by her scorching tears, upon the marble face, as though their living warmth would make baby wake from that strange, cold slumber. Oh, yes, that "if"! What agonies it presents, or yet what unspeakable joy, comfort, or peace it unfolds—all the unfathomable blessing contained in the numberless promises of God—the Rock of Ages, "If we will only believe—" "If we will only believe!"

But let us for one moment recall the man whose uttered those words. He lived for eighty-four years, he bore huge responsibilities, was subject to the bitterest disappointments, physical and otherwise. Again and again he had to pass in Glory by the way of Gethsemane, yet his last cry of triumph, as the poor, earthly tabernacle was being dissolved, was, "The promises of God are sure if—if you will only believe!"

Do you not suppose there were circumstances and seasons when that "if" confronted him? When, like his Master, he cried out in anguish of spirit, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me?" But he did not stop at the "if"—he continued, "Nevertheless, Father, not my will, but Thine, be done!" He endured unto the end, and, like Abraham after he had endured, he obtained the promise.

Oh, I am thinking there will be millions of God's children to-day in this poor, stricken, bleeding world who will be bearing at this Christmastide some deep secret or open sorrow, maybe caused by the sin and follies of others, who will be wondering if God ever hears their prayers, and even if it is any use praying at all! If they could only believe this promise: "And it shall come to pass that before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear!"

There are thousands of others this Christmas who, since that of 1914, have lost all they possessed, who will be struggling with the direst doubts as to whether, after all, there is a Christ, and if there is, whether He cares enough for all this chaos of misery, destruction, and death. If only such could believe that little verse: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father? But ye are of more value than many sparrows—the very hairs of your head are all numbered."

There are thousands more this Christmas time who will be struggling with poverty for the first time; adversity will be pressing heavily upon them! They will have to watch their loved ones in want, which is much greater pain than being in need ourselves. If only they could believe that promise, beautiful among the beautiful—"I, even I, will comfort you!" These promises are all ours, "If you will only believe!" and have "Faith in the night as well as the day." Faith shines brighter in the dark! It is like a wee phosphorescent cross I once had when young, which hung over my bed. It was very pretty in the sunlight, and everybody used to admire it, but I would say to them all, "Oh, but you should see it in the darkness of the night!" Even so proved the promises of God later in my life, when the storm blew, when the little babies died, when I buried my best and truest and dearest—it was then in dark sorrow that the promises shone sure, when if only I could believe!

"Believe though the sky is darker than ever—than ever before—Believe though the mists have arisen and you cannot see the shore; Believe though your heart is breaking: remember His promise, 'I will care'." Believe, Oh, believe; He is faithful; Just trust Him, just follow,



COMMISSIONER LUCY BOOTH-HELLBERG

Pictorial eclio



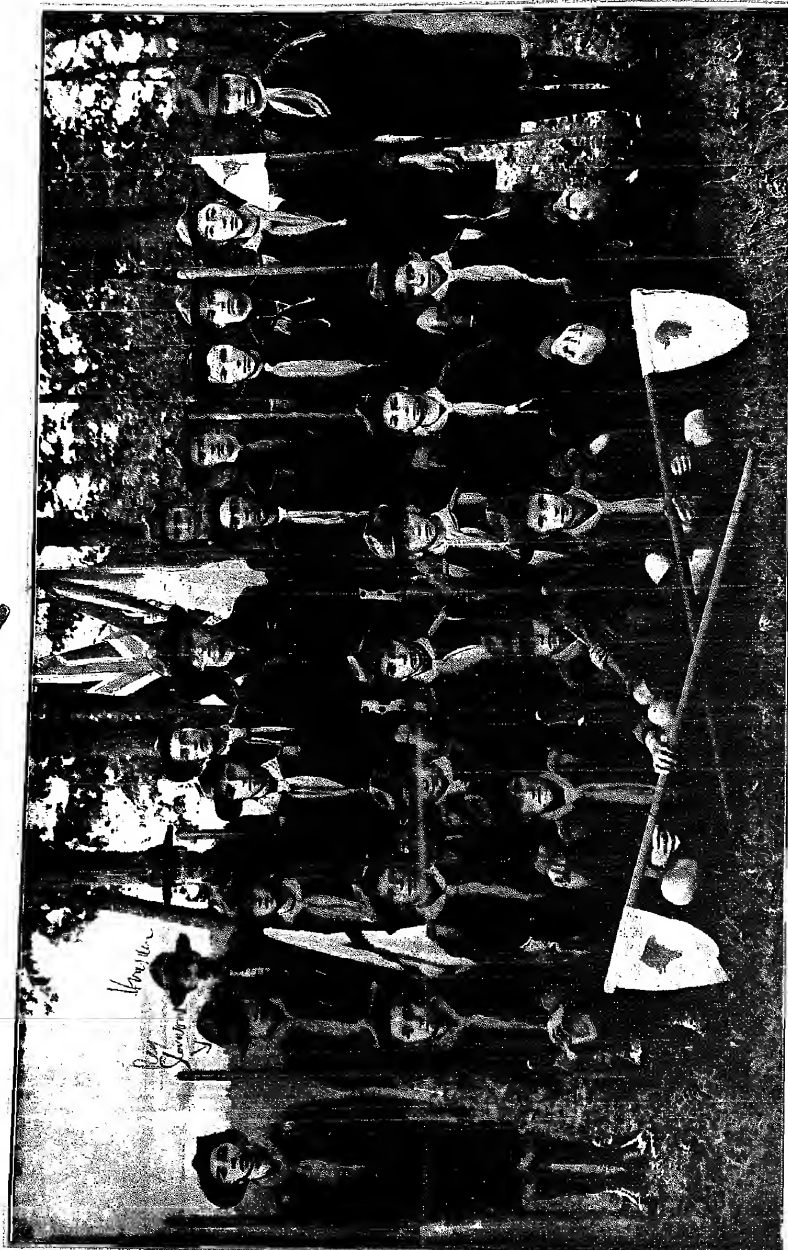
A FAMILIAR SIGHT at Christmastide in the large cities of the Dominion is that of Salvationists collecting for the poor, and the substantial sums given are proof of the confidence the public has in The Salvation Army. Last Christmas Eve a gentleman, with his coat collar turned up, evidently anxious to avoid recognition, dropped into the pot a roll of twenty fifty-dollar bills—tied together in a rough and ready manner with a piece of string—just as casually as though it were a single dollar bill. It is thought he was the man who gave five hundred dollars the year previous. It is not in the power of all to give a thousand-dollar gift, but most can put in a quarter to help keep the pot boiling for the poor at Christmas. And we earnestly ask our readers to remember those who need our help.



CHRIST ON THE BATTLEFIELD

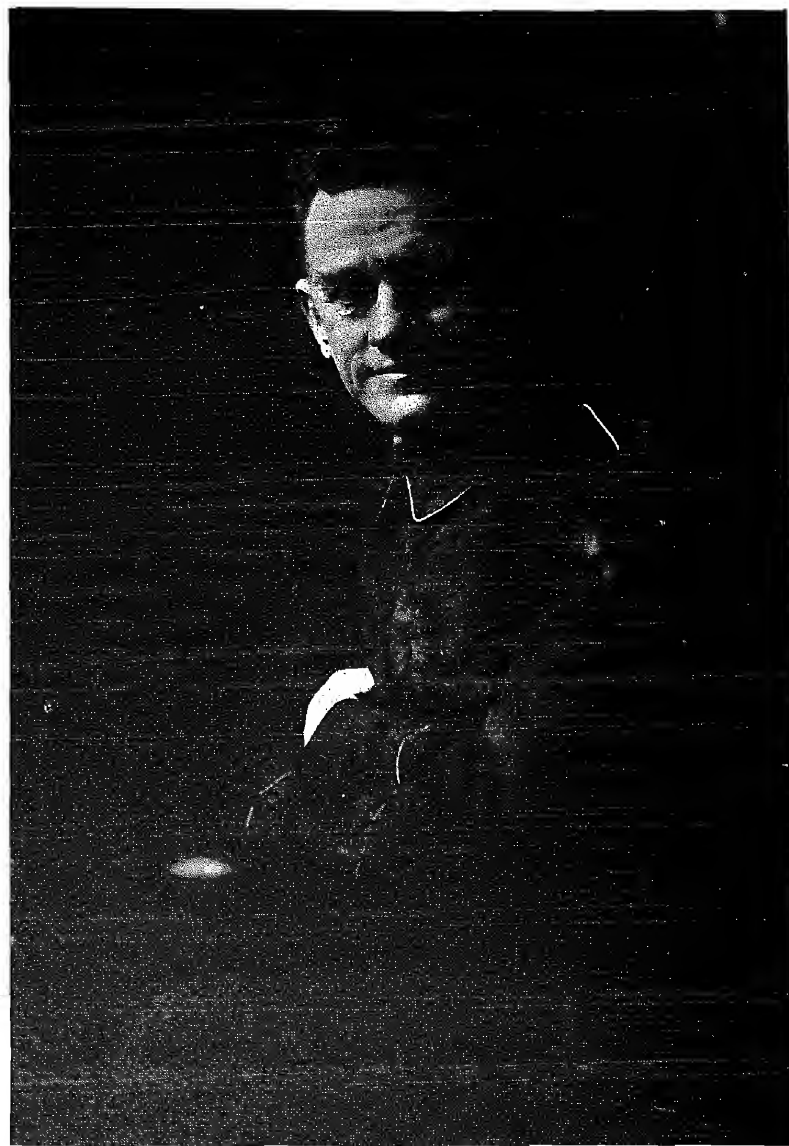
OUR ILLUSTRATION is designed to show in pictorial form some of the agencies for the spiritual and material well-being of those in the firing lines. In the foreground will be seen the Chaplain affording spiritual consolation to the dying soldier, and receiving from him his message to those at home. The Salvation Army has official and official Chaplains with all the belligerent forces except those of Austria and Turkey. With the Canadian Overseas Forces we have six Chaplains with the honorary rank of Captain. In the immediate foreground is a Salvationist with a wounded Belgian. Over eight thousand wounded Belgian soldiers have passed through our hands. In the background

stands a Motor Ambulance. Four Units of Motor Ambulances have been presented to the Military Authorities by The Salvation Army. Canada has just contributed three cars. These cars are operated by Salvationists. There are approximately two thousand Salvation Army Bandsmen at the front, who, when on active service, act as stretcher-bearers. There are thousands of members of The Army's Naval and Military League who embrace every opportunity of assisting distressed—friend and foe alike, as shown by the British soldier who is giving a drink from his water-bottle to a wounded German, who proved to be a Salvationist also. Further particulars of this humanitarian work will be found on Page 6.



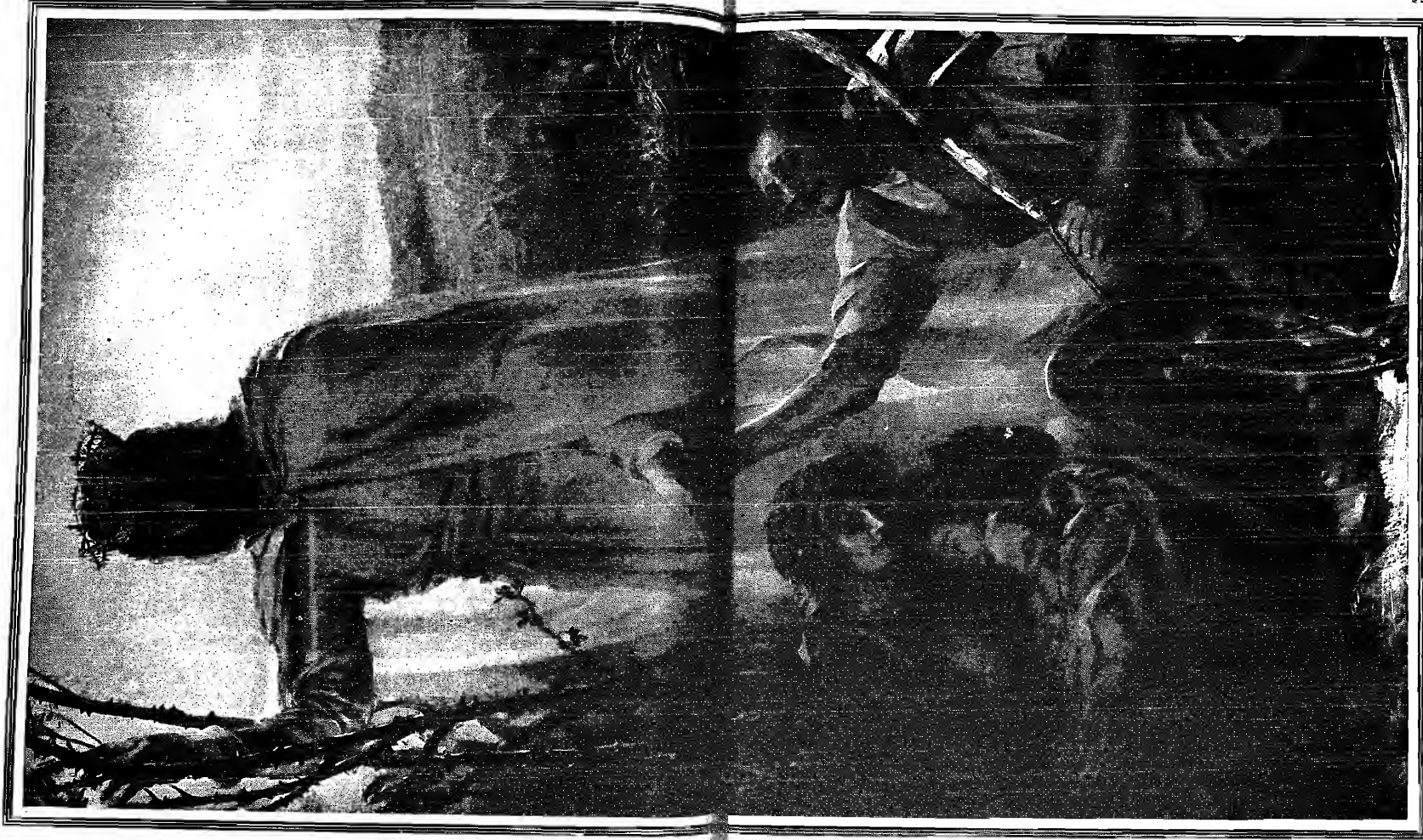
**A TROOP OF TORONTO
LIFE-SAVING SCOUTS**

This is a Salvation Army activity on behalf of the Young People which has been organized to help the poor and needy, and to promote the good and success, and promises to accomplish great good amongst the boys.



COMMISSIONER W. J. RICHARDS

Chief Officer of The Salvation Army in Canada and Newfoundland



By permission of the
War Office, London.
The War Office is
the largest reproducing

"I WILL GIVE YOU REST"

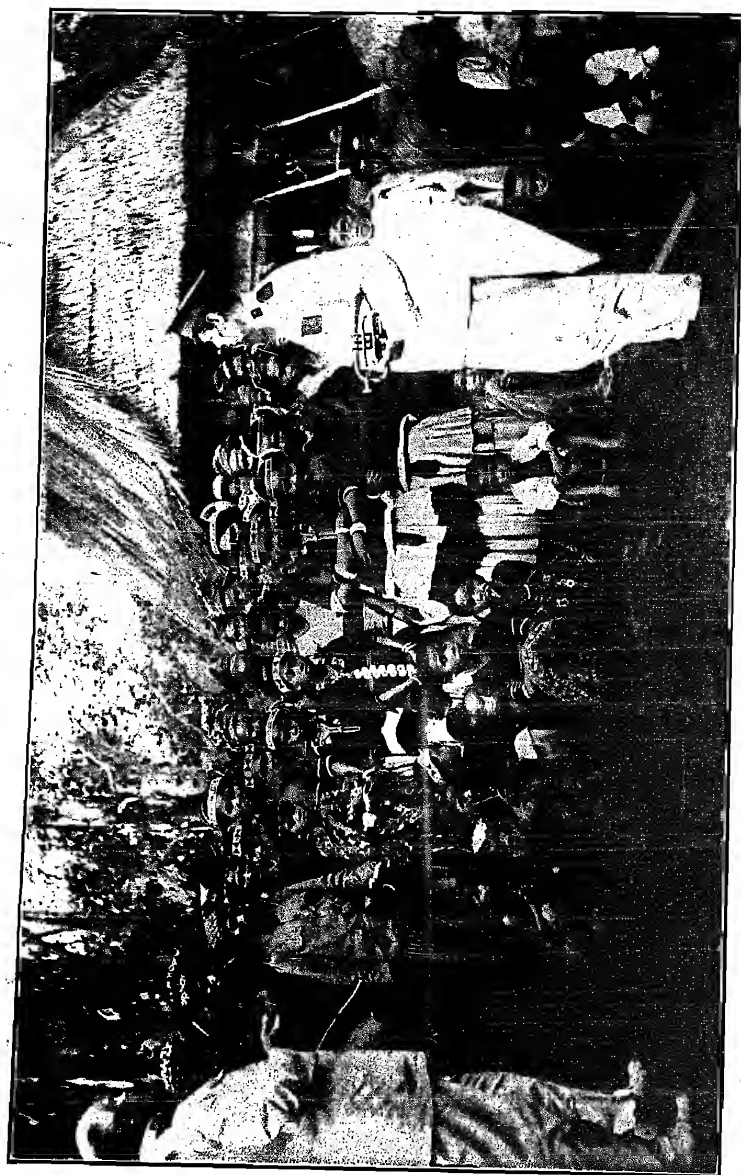


MRS. COMMISSIONER RICHARDS



**HE IS SOMEWHERE
IN FRANCE THIS CHRISTMAS**

Nearly two thousand Salvation Army Bandsmen are serving at the front. Sixty Toronto Bandsmen enlisted in a fortnight, and all over the Dominion this Christmas there are Bandsmen's wives who will fondly gaze at the portrait of the dear absent one. Pray for them.



This interesting photograph shows Lieut.-Colonel de Groot and Captain de Groot standing with the natives of Kootenai, Colours, one of the finest countries in the world. The Gospel is preached by The Army in thirty-six languages.

MISSIONARY WORK IN MID-CELEBES

• THE THIRD GENERATION •



GENERAL & MRS WILLIAM BOOTH.



GENERAL & MRS BRAMWELL BOOTH.



Capt BERNARD BOOTH.



Cadet Serg. Major OLIVE BOOTH.



Capt MIRIAM BOOTH.



Major CATHERINE BOOTH.



Bandsman WYCLIFFE BOOTH.



Ensign MARY BOOTH.



Treasurer DORA BOOTH.

• The Sons and Daughters of General Bramwell Booth •



SALVATION ARMY OFFICERS ARRIVE IN TIME TO STOP A FIGHT AT A NATIVE KRAAL

(See Page 21)

While the Government has put down the old intertribal fighting, numerous small feuds still arise among South African natives, and often lead to lamentable bloodshed. Much trouble of this kind springs from the hold of "beer drinks." The role of Peacekeepers-in-Chief is only one of the many unappreciated capacities in which The Army Officers who are stationed at Native Settlements have to act.



"Oh, M'Fundu, I have a fire, a raging fire here." . . . "He, it is his sciala nerve that's bothering him," remarked the leader.

MISSION FIELD SKETCHES

These Vivid Outline Sketches Refer to Conversions Among the Zulus—Readers Will Find Them Full of Human Interest, and Remarkable Examples of the Power of God to Convert the Heathen

COMMISSIONER RICHARDS, when in charge of The Army's operations in South Africa, once visited a settlement in Zululand. He was accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, the Secretary for the Native Work. The Officer in charge of the Settlement, Adjutant M'Dambo, organized a great procession of converts—the results of two years' labours—to meet the Commissioner. The following stories briefly describe some of the Zulu converts who formed the front rank of the procession:—

THE MIRACLE

WITH head thrown back, flashing eyes and her bare, bronze arms grasping the flag-staff, she might have been posed for a heroic figure in sculpture. Her ample body pulsed with vitality, and nothing seemed more alive than she. And yet, not so very long before, she had, to human eyes, been dead and her grave had been dug, and lamentations had been made on her account. To the simple children of the wilderness she was a miracle: "she had been raised from the dead."

This is how it happened:—The woman had been sick for some days, and then life seemed to leave her. Perhaps it had; who knows? At any rate, for a considerable time she lay still and apparently breathless. Her friends gathered round and manifested their grief, and the grave-diggers performed their mournful task.

Among those who came to show their sympathy with the bereaved ones was the Salvation M'Fundu; he was received into the hut with great courtesy—for he had won their respect. He stood by the side of the lifeless woman, and, although the bearers stood around ready to carry her out, an instinct or a Divine prompting caused him to delay the funeral. He desired to pray beside the body of the supposed dead.

After prayer an instinct or a Divine prompting—again caused him to place his hand upon the dead woman's face. He was conscious of a touch that was not deathlike, and uncon-

sciously he gently rubbed the face, and from that passed to slapping the hands. To his surprise, a warm colour seemed to overspread the face of the dead. He continued his manipulations and prayer, and then, to his surprise, the supposedly-dead woman sat up and spoke.

There was excited amazement when the natives came to carry out the burial and found the corpse alive and apparently well. They marvelled at the powers of The Salvation Army Officer who, they considered, had raised her from the dead, and they called him the "resurrection man."

This afforded him an opportunity of preaching unto the natives the glorious news that "he that believeth, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

The woman believed, and experienced a new birth into righteousness.

A "SMELLING-OUT"

ACRIME had been committed at the Great Place. A precious article belonging to the chief's wife had been stolen, and effort was made to recover it, so the barbaric custom of "smelling out" the thief was to be resorted to.

In the morning came the witch doctor and all the men and women about the Great Place were assembled together. The doctor, after due preparation, went through his incantations and his wild witch-finders' dances. The women, among them being a very old one, stood around clapping their hands in time with the dancing and chanting with weird, impressive effect, while the doctor told of what happened and the malice which some one bore to the chief's wife. The men sat together listening, the lurid light in their eyes showing how their savage and superstitious feelings were aroused. "A snake has been sent by its

owner to take the precious article," the witch doctor said. "A big snake!"

"Who is the owner of that snake?" one of the men asked.

"Noma," was the reply. Noma was the name of the old woman. In vain she denied the accusation, but the women of the tribe moved away from her. They would not sit with such a polluted being.

She was examined and cross-examined again, but she denied ever having caused the precious thing to be taken, or being able to produce it. She was cruelly treated but could not confess the crime.

Then, on the advice of the witch-doctor, it was decided that she should be tortured by fire to make her confess. She was placed in a grass hut, and the structure was set alight. The dried grass and reeds roared and blazed like an inferno, and when the flames and smoke had died away, only the charred remains lay around the smoking ashes.

"We did it in our ignorance, M'Fundu, we only did as our fathers had done, and we but obeyed our chief. Truly we did a horrible thing, but we did it in darkness. Will not the good God forgive us for this sin?"

Thus spoke three native prisoners in the Pietermaritzburg Prison.

The news of the "smelling-out" and the burning of the old native woman had reached the ears of the Government, and the three men who placed the old woman in the hut and fired it at the behest of the witch-doctor and the chief had been arrested, convicted, and sentenced to a term of imprisonment. While in prison they had been visited by a native Salvation Army Officer; and, as a result of his prayers and counsels, they desired to have the mercy of God shown to them. God was merciful to these three penitent heathen.

On their release from prison they became consistent, happy Salvationists, and were to the front in the great procession to welcome the Commissioner into their district.

THE "MAD" ZULU

A NATIVE of herculean frame, with a Sesi-gant's chevron on his arm and a huge ram's horn to his hip, led the procession. He was

notable character, and for many years had been considered by the natives who dwell in the locality to be a madman.

His hut was isolated from that of the others. It was erected by the side of what had been for generations a native track or road, but it was of a peculiar construction, the entrance of his hut and make indescribably hideous faces and blood-curdling sounds to the women and children as they passed by. This so frightened them that they avoided his hut as if it contained a pestilence. His mighty strength and ferocious character caused men to shun him, and in consequence, the road became deserted and another made—a most unusual thing for natives to do.

The madman's wife led a most unhappy life. He had hounded her when he was young, but so evil had his reputation become that no native father would sell him a daughter to become a wife to him, so the two lived in solitude.

The Salvation Army Officer heard of him, and one day visited him in his hut. The "madman," who sat crouching in the shadows, received his visitor in silence and listened to his words. Hour after hour passed away, and the man of God continued his counsel. At last the crazed native broke his silence, and said:

"The words which thou hast spoken, M'Fundu, are good words, but they are not for me. They are suitable for my wife, and she shall come to thy meetings and hear more of what thou hast to say. Go!"

The Officer went away, but the woman attended the meetings and, in due course, became soundly converted.

Again the Officer went to the hut of the "Madman." By this time the Officer's former counsel and the words and demeanor of his converted wife had produced an effect upon him so that he was ready to listen to what the Salvationist should say. After another period of conversation, the one-time lunatic knelt before God and cried to Him for mercy and strength to serve Him. He became a thoroughly changed man.

The news spread far and wide, and numbers came from far and near to talk with him about conversion. He was a wonderful attraction at the meetings, and he has been the means of the conversion of a great number of natives. The change in him was so great that none could dispute it.

EXILED TO THE HILLS

SHE was young and her limbs were as round and supple as young willows; her teeth were white as milk and because she was nearly always smiling, they were frequently to be seen. Her eyes were big, and as bright as a bird's. She was good to look upon, and because that was so, old Chief Nobunlongue, who was rich, but reduced with drunkenness, gave her her many head of cattle to her avarelian father, and took her to be his sixth wife.

Hard work in the fields and herding cattle made the other wives of Nobunlongue old and ill-favoured before their time, and they regarded with envy the young wife who had supplanted them in the favour of their lord and master.

The Salvation Army came into the valley and held meetings; and one, a man of her own people, played wonderful music upon a concertina, and she, with others, went to the meetings where, beside the music, she was told things of which she had never heard before, and it came to pass that one day the young wife knelt at the Mercy Seat and sought God's Salvation.

Now, the other wives heard of this, and because they were jealous of the young wife and knew her husband was bitterly opposed to her attending the Salvation Army, they told the chief of her attendances at these meetings, and the tale told nothing by the manner of its telling. Thereupon the chief took his knobkerrie, and summoning all the members of his kraal to follow him, went out to meet the young wife, who was tripping along, happy in the newly found love of Christ that was shed abroad in her heart.

The path she followed was winding, and a clump of yellow-flowers in mossy shrubs hid the road. After passing the shrubs she suddenly came upon her husband and his following, who greeted her appearance with loud grunts of disapproval.

She was seized and brought before the chief, her husband.

"Will you give up this Jesus?" he demanded. "I have promised Jesus to be faithful, and cannot give Him up," said the trembling young native woman, who possessed the spirit of the martyrs.

Threats and promises proceeded from the lips of her husband, but she was steadfast in her

constancy to the Christ who redeemed her by His Blood.

Then the infuriated husband fell upon her with his weighty knobkerrie, and belaboured her until his great strength was gone. After calling her all the opprobrious names that he could think of, he addressed his followers, and pointing to the poor, broken, and bruised woman lying at his feet, threatened them with dire punishment if any of them gave her bread or assisted her in any way.

Then turning to the young Christian native woman, who had endured her terrible beating in silence, he said to her:—

"Hegons, thou, to the mountains, where the baboons and the leopards prowl, and see that thou dost never return to the kraal. And drawing his blanket around him, the chief stalked away with his followers; the ill-natured wives being filled with malicious glee at the terrible punishment that had been meted out to their rival.

Wearily she dragged her aching body up the steep mountain's side and then lay down exhausted. At night she sheltered herself from rain and wild beasts in the clefts of the rocks, and by day she fed on wild berries and grass and quenched her thirst at the streams.

A strange thing had happened. The chief became possessed with a deep yearning for the presence of his young wife, whom he had so cruelly treated. Nine days had passed since he had driven her to the mountains. What had become of his bright-eyed one?

Calling the people of the kraal together, he sent them out into the hills to bring back his exiled wife. After a long search they found her, emaciated and ill through the hardships she had endured.

They took her to the kraal and laid her before her husband. Love conquered the brutal savage. He told her that she should go to The Army's meetings and should love Jesus; but he wanted her to be with him and to love him also.

The reconciliation was complete. She became Young People's Sergeant-Major, and rendered many years' faithful service, and then passed in triumph to the skies.

This is the story that was told by Lieutenant-Colonel Smith at a Congress meeting in South Africa last August. She was one of those who came in the procession, of which we have spoken, to meet Commissioner Richards, on the occasion of his visit to that locality.

FIGHTING FIRE WITH FIRE

SUDDENLY out of the long velvet grass arose the figure of a gigantic native. The muscles rippled under the shining ebony skin; for he was garbed as Adam was, save that instead of an apron of fig leaves, he wore an apron of wild-cat's tails. But his face was drawn with agony, and he advanced towards the Salvationists with a halting gait that was manifestly painful.

"What is the matter?" asked one, speaking in Zulu speech.

"Oh, M'Fundu," replied the suffering native, in his mother tongue. "I have a fire, a raging fire—here," and he smote his hip as though he would scatter to the four winds the brands that burned.

"Ha, it is his scabie nerve that's bothering him," remarked the leader of the Salvationists. The native implored assistance, whereupon the leader said: "You are suffering from scabie. I can give you relief, but it will be by a fire hotter than the fire you now endure. Place the poultice that I will suggest upon the place where the fire burns, then afterwards the fire will go out."

The native listened attentively as the words were translated, and gazed with awe on the Salvationist as he tore out a leaf of his notebook and on it wrote the prescription for a poultice.

"You know where the M'Fundu's house is?" asked the interpreter. The native answered in the affirmative.

"Then let a man take this to the house, and what he brings back place upon the fire in your poultice, and tell him that if he loses as much as one drop of what he receives, so much of the virtue will be gone."

A hopeful and grateful native was left behind. But they were destined to meet again.

The visit to the Settlement had been a blessed one. Five hundred raw natives had attended the meetings, and scores had sought Salvation. The Salvationists were homeward bound, and as they drew near to a village, the practised car-

of the interpreter heard sounds indicative of a hot bed of fire.

They entered the compound and saw a number of men lying or sitting around, in various stages of intoxication occasioned by the consumption of a beer brewed from Kaffir corn, a drink of which he addressed his followers, and pointing to the poor, broken, and bruised woman lying at his feet, threatened them with dire punishment if any of them gave her bread or assisted her in any way.

The harmfulness of their practices was pointed out to the native revellers. Some grew angry. There were low mutterings, glowing looks, and fierce beatings upon ox-hide shields. Then some of the younger bloods sprang to their feet and menacingly pointed towards the visitors. Things looked threatening, but suddenly the figure of a native towered above the fearsome warriors and a stentorian voice arrested the attention of all the revellers. In substance the speaker said:—

"Warriors, hearken unto me! Four suns ago I had a fire here (again he smote his thigh), a raging fire; a fire as fierce as that which makes the iron only stir in the air is an occasional heat-formed whirlwind, the track of which is marked by a smother of dust and bits of dried grass. The broad road track is deep with fiery dust; that pattern is the smoke from every foot-fall of man or beast, and floats lazily in the air for some time before settling down again. Everything looks hot and dry, as indeed it is, except the miraged image of the rippling water that only just a few rods ahead seems to be flowing with such tempting coolness across the arid road."

On patrol duty, a trooper of the South African Constabulary is riding moodily along. Every nerve in his body is calling for moisture, and every movement of his weary steed jars his parched and crackling lips. A great thirst consumes him. The mocking mirage tempts him beyond measure, and at one moment, when the contour of the country favours the deception and it seems as if a deep cool pool can be reached by a few swift strides, he involuntarily claps his spurs to his horse's flanks, only to curse himself for a fool when the sudden movement which follows wakes him from the half-dreamy state into which he has dropped. Then another mirage fills his vision—it shows happiness at the bottom of a spirit glass. Would that he were as quickly awakened to the deception of the one as of the other.

At length they reach a dam in which there is a little muddy water left. This is the spot selected for the regulation "off-saddle"—once every four hours. With a sigh of satisfaction John McKenna springs from his seat. First, off-saddle, next a drink for the horse; then, after seeing that the nose-bag is in comfort, John disposes of his own humble lunch, and lays down, his head pillowed on the saddle, for a few minutes' doze. His horse, tethered to his knee by the single rein, stands munching hay, but the crumpling of corn and the rattle of the loose-hanging bridle tie in his ears—he is far away.

The sky he is looking into is no longer a blazing dome of fire; it is evening and the moon is softly illuminating a lovely scene of mountain and lake, and the stars are not only twinkling as they cannot do except through a moisture-laden atmosphere, but show the constellations of the north; he is at home again in Cumberland—the time has been hurried back no little space. Turning from the window at the call of eyes, it is he—his mother, he bows at her knee and repeats in a voice that is soft and childish the carol he has been practising for Christmas Eve, "While shepherds watched their flocks by night."

It is too much—the vision vanishes in a blinding mist of tears, and John awakes.

It is time to trek. He calls at one or two of the widely-separated farms on his patrol, and reaches barracks under the weary and aching, sick, in time for tea. In the evening he is on duty at the police office.

"I tell you I'll not serve you with another drop!" "All right, then, take that," and a man in the uniform of the South African Constabulary, but already under the influence of liquor, lunges wildly over the bar of a public-house in the small country town where our friend John is stationed, on a drinking spree which he has seen him put on duty at the office. Finding he cannot reach far enough across the counter to do damage to any one the other side, the drink-maddened man turns round three around him, and in a moment the place is in an uproar.

A messenger is dispatched post-haste to the police barracks, and a few minutes later, after a desperate scuffle, the offender is overpowered.

"I have heard of that man from our Native Officer who is in charge of our work in this locality. He is bitterly opposed to Christianity, is a great drunkard, practices witchcraft, and is very much addicted to the bad old usages of the natives."

"Well, if that be so, your Officer might keep an eye on him, for he certainly looked very evil as he left me, and declared that he would 'divorce himself,' an expression that has a somewhat sinister sound."

"Then, with your permission, I will see the Officer at once." (Concluded on Page 2)

TROOPER McKENNA

An Incident Connected With The 5th African Constabulary

FROM directly overhead in a cloudless sky the sun beats pitilessly down upon a shadowless land. The grass of the veld has long since lost any right to be termed green—where it has not been burnt clean off by the watery firebrands of ignominious farmers it has been bleached almost white by the midsummer sun, for it lacks only a few days to Christmas.

The only stir in the air is an occasional heat-formed whirlwind, the track of which is marked by a smother of dust and bits of dried grass. The broad road track is deep with fiery dust; that pattern is the smoke from every foot-fall of man or beast, and floats lazily in the air for some time before settling down again. Everything looks hot and dry, as indeed it is, except the miraged image of the rippling water that only just a few rods ahead seems to be flowing with such tempting coolness across the arid road.

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"I tell you I'll not serve you with another drop!" "All right, then, take that," and a man in the uniform of the South African Constabulary, but already under the influence of liquor, lunges wildly over the bar of a public-house in the small country town where our friend John is stationed, on a drinking spree which he has seen him put on duty at the office. Finding he cannot reach far enough across the counter to do damage to any one the other side, the drink-maddened man turns round three around him, and in a moment the place is in an uproar.

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marched off under escort, and placed in a cell. Trooper McKenna being ordered to mount guard over the prisoner.

Though he has been well brought up, John, like a good many more young fellows, has left home to see the world and have his fling, and is doing so—he is already beginning to find out, however, that this means throwing himself against something harder than he, and that he by no means has always the best of things.

The daily mounts guard, but there is no guard-ian of the guard. The officer goes away, and another young trooper brings down to the order of his comrades till guard is as drudgery as prison. Before long the latter is out of his cell and the



The Offender is Overpowered

two are having a royal spree together in the barracks dormitory.

"Fellow! What's this?" suddenly rings out in tones of authority, as the corporal in charge returning to the office, finds things as we have described them.

McKenna has now reached that stage at which a drunken man feels himself to be equal to the highest, and to come to attention at the order of a mere corporal is altogether too far beneath his now-exalted ideas. Instead of acknowledging authority he takes offence at what he considers to be the dictatorial tone of command which orders the prisoner back to the cell and himself to duty.

"Whatever it is, it's no business of yours!" is his reply.

Just then the supposed prisoner, roused to sudden action by some freak of his drinking, possessed brain, springs to his feet and rushes to the corporal; John forthwith follows suit, and a lively rough-and-tumble ensues. The wicket is hit, the ill-wired office is threatened, and the two are hurled into actual trouble with us, but into the vacated cell and the door locked on him.

The trooper who ought to have been sharing guard duty has gone out for more drink, but when the corporal, finding himself locked in, blows his whistle he comes rushing into the office.



In the Office of the Commissioner of Police

The situation is explained to him by the other as clearly as possible, and the new-comer, who has also been drinking, instead of going to the rescue of his officer, coolly says: "Let him stay where he is; he is all right!"

The whistle, however, continues to sound in shrill call for help, despite the terrible threats of what will be done if it is not stopped, and eventually a trooper who is on town duty hears it, as does also the head constable. They come to see what is the matter, and it is not long before the prisoner and his two "guards" are securely locked in the cell together.

The occurrence is reported by telegraph to headquarters at Bloemfontein, and next morning an officer of high authority arrives to hold an inquiry. The two men, now sobered, and in a very different mood, are brought before him to answer a string of charges.

Unfortunately for the corporal, the three men implicated have arranged between them that they will pass the blame for the row upon him. Non but he and he and he have witnessed what has taken place, and although outside evidence proves that the first man was drunk in uniform and created a disturbance in the town, there is no one who can, or will, support the version of the corporal of what happened within the barracks and thus the part of the charge referred to this falls through. McKenna is found "guilty."

Having left the Constabulary, John has drifted to Johannesburg, in company with a set of idle and reckless as himself. It is Sunday evening, and on their way to a place of amusement, they cross the market square. As they do so, the Army Band begins to play, and the people catch their attention. When the South African march off to their Hall, John follows.

The meeting has nearly closed before any thought of Salvation enters John's head, but suddenly his attention is caught by what the Officer's wife is saying—she is speaking of the manner in which the Holy Spirit sometimes comes before the mind pictures of the past in order that sinners may see by comparing them with the present how far they have gone and the danger they are in.

In a moment John's thoughts go back to the vision of that afternoon on the dusty, drought-stricken veld. In the prayer meeting the speaker comes and deals with the young man who is sitting in front of John; but she has two listeners, and when the first goes to the Penitent Form the second, John, follows him.

"Dear me, sergeant, I have some recollection of the name but cannot quite place it. Do you know this man McKenna, who says he wants to see me?"

It is the Commissioner of the Orange Free State Police who is speaking, and the scene is his office at Bloemfontein, between two and three years later than Trooper McKenna's Bloemfontein episode.

"Yes, sir," replies the sergeant, "he was in the Constabulary for a while; a promising young fellow at first, but the drink finished his career; he never got into actual trouble with us, but after getting out of one or two bad scrapes by the skin of his teeth he resigned—I think he could see he had blocked himself up as a promotion was concerned, and was also afraid he would be landed into serious difficulties some day if he did not go. He was the young fellow whom, I suppose, I discharged with assaulting him a Bloemfontein episode."

"Oh, yes, I recollect. I tried the case, and although there was no direct evidence against him, I was sure in my own mind he was at least to some extent guilty. I wonder what he wants. Any way, I'll see him. Let him come in."

The sergeant saluted, and went to call our friend who then waited, dazed and wondering, sent a mental request for a two or three minutes' interview with his old chief.

"Well, McKenna, how are you? Sit down and tell me as shortly as you can—(Concluded on Page 2)

A VAGRANT'S VAGARIES

A FOREWORD
THE VAGRANT
 "I ho," "bum," "tramp," or "sun-downer"—what ever name he goes by—is known amongst all peoples. Who is he? What is he? Is he a criminal by instinct, lacking the courage to indulge in downright criminality, and the will-power to tackle a man's job and stay by it. Or is he merely the victim of a wanderlust: a person in whose character reappears a streak of the nomadic instincts of ancestral stock? That there is, in most healthy boys, a wandering instinct is evidenced by the frequency with which paragraphs appear in the daily papers, stating that so and so has not been home for a week. His parents are heart-broken: begging him to come home. Here is a touching story—

Recently, when an Officer was passing through a ward in a hospital at (somewhere in France), a young man, in great agony, was crying out and disturbing other patients. A chaplain, anxious to soothe his pain, and seeing the Salvation Army star on his sleeve, said to him: "Where, a Salvation Army Officer has come to visit you?"

Wonderful to relate, the man's eyes subsided and he said: "Oh, Sir, pray with me." A lady, who was sitting by his side, came forward and prayed. When she had finished she said: "Please pray again." He said: "I am sorry, Sir, but I am not a Christian." The Officer replied: "You pray now, and I will pray for you." He said: "I am not a Christian, but I am a vagrant."

Afterwards the young man, who had that morning had his right leg amputated, told the Salvation Army Officer that he had run away from home, and that his parents did not know of his whereabouts. The burden of his cry was, "Please write and ask them to forgive me." A letter was written, and he came a letter full of love and forgiveness. It arrived just in time for our contraband to give the good news to the young fellow before he passed away, leaving a beautiful testimony, nine days after his admittance to hospital. A photograph of his grave was taken and sent to his sorrowing parents.

Whatever the cause, the practice of running away from home occasions untold parental anguish, and is decidedly unprofitable to the youth, as it causes to be wasted in aimless wandering, precious years that should be spent in preparation for the duties of life, even if the

Being the Experiences of a one-time Hobo who sought ADVENTURE and FORTUNE. He found both, but not the kind he thought

THIS is the First Instalment of our New Serial Story. It describes the Experiences of a youth who ran away from home and became a Hobo. As a human document it is thrilling, as an example of youthful folly it is highly instructive. All parents should see that their own sons read it.

is an interesting narrative; but the tale of philosophic vagrancy is not without interest, and certainly not without its warnings and profitable conclusions. You must begin with this instalment, and then pass it on to your friends.

CHAPTER I.

HOW I BECAME A HOBBO

WHEN first asked to relate the incidents of my adventurous career for the benefit of "War Cry" readers, I shrink from the idea, not caring overmuch to rake up again that which I would fain forget. On further reflection, however, I thought that many striking lessons might be drawn from my life story, which would especially benefit the younger generation and perhaps

edify and of interest their elders. Mine is the story of fruitless search after the riches which profit nothing. Though often I won a golden prize by dishonesty and deceit, I discovered time and again that the reward of wickedness is like to rotten food, bitter and nauseous to the taste. Never did I understand what true prosperity was till I left the chasing of a bubble and found the Pearl of Greatest Price; and my main object in relating this story is to convince young men that it is best, after all, to walk in the ways of righteousness, and not be led astray by the vain imaginings of youth or the foolish prattle of evil companions.

I am yet a comparatively young man, and have prospered amazingly in material things since I forsook the ways of evil and sought and found the Lord; and my regret is that I did not heed the wise injunctions of my Godly parents from the very outset. How much anguish I might have spared myself and them; and what yet of usefulness in the Lord's service might have been mine had I not wasted them in the foolish service of sin. Ah, I tell you, young men, that is what stings in after years: the thought of opportunities heedlessly thrown away, the vision of what might have been had only God the control of one's life from the earliest years.

But to my story. You will not, of course, expect me to reveal my true name or the place of my present residence, seeing that I occupy a responsible position with a large firm, and am a married man with a little family growing up around me. I will conceal my identity, therefore, under the name of Jack Rogers, which will suit me just as well as any other—though I do not wish anyone who really hears that name to have any odium attached to them on account of my evil doings.

I was the only son of my parents, though I had two sisters older than myself. As might be imagined, I was the pride of my mother's heart, and perhaps father's, too, though he was not so keen on expressing it as mother was. Perhaps father thought that deeds counted more than words, for he was a diligent wielder of the whip, thereby proving his belief in the old proverb, "He that spareth his rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes."

It was mother's fond wish for me that I should become a school teacher, and she had me educated with that idea in view. Father, however, held tenaciously to the idea that I would make a better lawyer, seeing that I was ready of speech and a keen debater in argument with other lads.

I disappointed them both, however, by running away from home at the age of seventeen, with the idea of carving out my own fortunes without their aid. That was my first wrong step, and though I regretted it twenty-four hours after I had taken it, I was too proud to return home.

I made my way to Ontario, and being a strong young fellow, tried my hand at farming for a while. That is to say, I became a hired man. For a time I quite enjoyed the novelty of the situation, but the long hours, hard work and discomforts, added to the misery pay which the farmer offered me as a wage, soon made me restless and dissatisfied. This was not the way to fortune, I thought. Surely there was a speedier way to make money and get on in the world than by saving up a paltry wage.

On a neighbouring farm was a prodigy who was always held up to me as a good example of what thrift could accomplish. He had been a hired man for ten years and had succeeded in saving up a thousand dollars. Everyone spoke well of "Steady Tom," and the farmers' girls for miles around thought him a splendid "catch." But ten years seemed an awful long time to wait for a thousand dollars, and I got the idea into my head that I could make that much in as many months if I only got on the right track.

I determined to go to New York and try my luck there, though what on earth I was going to do I had not the faintest idea.

Misfortune dogged my footsteps from the start, however. I had a hundred dollars in

-Our Great New Serial Story

my pocket, a whole year's savings, when I set out; but on reaching Long Island City, from where I intended to take the train for New York, I was attacked by a couple of thugs and robbed by them of all I possessed.

What was I to do now? I could have hired out to another farmer, no doubt, but so set was I on seeking my fortune in New York that I resolved to go there if I had to walk every foot of the way.

Thus it was that I became a vagrant, with no money, no home, and no job. Justly I set out on my long walk of over five hundred miles. It was fun to me at the start, and I covered mile after mile whistling and singing in right good humor. Late at night I passed through Ingersoll, hungry and weary and with a terrible lonesome feeling stealing over me. How could I get food and where could I sleep for the night? These were the questions that kept bothering me considerably. I was new to the road then, and had never slept anywhere but in a comfortable bed. It was in early April and the cold frost King chose that night to send along a real cold snap. As the cold grew more intense I shivered, and finally, about midnight, made a belt for a barn. Cautiously opening the door I slipped inside and searched around for the corn bin. I found it, and pulling out two cobs of corn, made for the hay mow. Here I burrowed out a cosy nest for myself, and commenced to eat my supper of raw corn. It was not very satisfying, but it checked the gnawings of hunger which I was experiencing for the first time in my life. Then I settled down for a sleep and passed a very comfortable night. Very early in the morning I was up and away, leaving the empty corn cobs on the barn floor for the farmer to puzzle over.

I made good progress that day, receiving several lifts in passing rigs, and about noon passed through Paris, and as night was falling I was only a few miles from Hamilton. But in the gathering gloom I took the wrong road and found myself at length on the edge of a big swamp. I was about to turn back, when I caught sight of a canoe moored to a clump of alders. A sluggish stream ran down the middle of the swamp, and I thought that I could easily reach the city by using the canoe. Who it belonged to did not bother me a bit. Jumping aboard I loosed the painter and shoved off, but when I went to look for the paddle I found there was none. So there I was, helpless in the middle of a stream, with a swamp all around and night fast closing in. I could do nothing else but sit still in the canoe and go where the current bore me. For hours I drifted about in that swamp, at times passing through thick rushes, and often bumping up against water-soaked logs. I wondered if ever I was going to reach land again.

At length I managed to catch hold of a floating piece of wood that the canoe bumped into, and I began to utilize it as a paddle. Slowly, very slowly, I forced my way out of the entangling rushes and weeds, until once more I found myself in comparatively clear water. Then I managed to steer the canoe down stream until it bumped on what felt like a solid beach. I jumped out and going a little distance forward came to an embankment. On climbing this I saw the lights of Hamilton only a short distance away.

MISSION FIELD SKETCHES

(Continued from Page 25)

And the Secretary visited the Officer of that locality and communicated to him what the Agent had told him.

On returning to his kral the angry native strode to his hut and commanded his wife to come out, to bring with her the long rein (ox-hide rope), and to follow him.

He led her a short distance away to a large tree, and then, throwing a noose over her head, cast the end of the rein over a strong branch and pulled it taut.

"Now," said he, "say your prayers, if they are of any use, for you shall not live. The Agent will not grant me a divorce from you. Thoo evil woman who forsakest thy husband for the customs of the white teachers, so I will divorce myself. I will tie you to this tree, so that your feet shall not touch the ground, and

finding the main road I stepped out briskly, and was soon in the city. Being desperately hungry the temptation to steal food was displayed outside the stores was very strong, and watching my opportunity, I edged in amongst a crowd of buyers and managed to walk off with a couple of smoked herrings without being detected. I devoured my prize in a quiet side street, and never did a meal taste so good. I washed it down with a drink of water from a public fountain, and then looked around for some place to sleep in. A closed-in church porch seemed quite inviting to me, so I went in, shut the door, and lay down on the cold stone floor, with a rolled-up mat as a pillow. A hard bed and a cold night did not suffer me to sleep long, however, and in the wee sma' hours I arose feeling stiff and cramped and set out once more on my journey.

It was Saturday morning, and I wondered if the worshippers who would assemble in that church the following day would ever dream that the mat they wiped their feet on had pilloved the head of a poor tramp a night or so before. It is a good idea to have nice, comfortable porches in a church, but I suggest that they be carpeted. It would be much appreciated by gentlemen of the road, and in this way the church folks would be doing some real social service.

Well, on I went, and by noon had got to Grimsby. I was wondering what to do to get some sort of a dinner, when I noticed a small boy coming down the road carrying a basket of apples. They looked good to me, and in a civil sort of way I asked the lad to give me one.

"Garn with yer," he said rudely, "these ain't for the likes of you."

That made me real mad, so I fetched the cheeky youngster a whack across the car with the palm of my hand. He raised a big howl, of course, and started running down the road as hard as he could. But as he ran, I noticed with satisfaction that the apples were dropping out of his basket. I picked up six and then scooted as fast as I could in the opposite direction, for I knew a hue and cry would soon be raised after me, and that if I was caught I would be charged with a brutal assault on an innocent lad. After running a mile or so, I turned off the road to some woods, and whilst quietly munching my apples, I saw the chase go by. There were three husky-looking farmers and a policeman, all of whom were taking to the road again, I struck through the woods and across the fields, until I finally came to another highway. Late that night I reached St. Catharines.

It being Saturday night, the usual crowd was promenading the streets, and as I mingled amongst them a desperate feeling of loneliness came over me. They all seemed so happy, and here was I a miserable, homeless tramp, with no friends, no money, and nowhere to go. But I soon pushed such feelings aside, and began to cast around for some means of getting something to eat. They say hunger sharpens one's wits. Perhaps it does; anyhow, I had to use my wits to get "whitties" or go without.

Approaching a mill-looking citizen who was waiting on the sidewalk with a baby buggy while his wife, I suppose, did the shopping, I said: "Excuse me, stranger, but could you oblige me with two nickels for a dime?" "Why, certainly," he said with a smile, and he dived into his pocket and handed out two nickels as innocent as a

lamb. I promptly disappeared in the crowd, and left him gazing about in wonder at not getting that dime.

Hurrying up the street, I invested five cents in a loaf of bread, and had a good tuck-in. My bed that night was the interior of an old rusty boiler that stood on a vacant lot near a railway crossing. It wasn't very comfortable, but it protected me from the rain which fell during the night.

Next day I leisurely made my way to Niagara Falls, which I reached about six o'clock in the evening. For a time I stood and watched the beautiful waterfall, and then proceeded to cross the International Bridge to the American side. A man in uniform told me I would have to pay a toll of five cents to cross.

"That's all I've got in the world," I said, holding out my remaining nickel with which I had hoped to purchase more bread. "Poor beggar," said the sympathetic official. "All right, pass on. I won't take it." And so I crossed the bridge with a capital of five cents. I had a big reserve of coal check, however, which was to stand me in good stead in the days to come.

On the main street of the American city I met, for the first time, a fellow who looked like me. We stood looking in a shop window, and must have mutually recognized each other as hobos.

"Where yer from?" he asked.

"New York," I replied.

"Tough spot that," he said. "I've just come up from there. I'm bound for Canada now. Say, how'd ya like to be my partner? We'll hum our way through Ontario, and get up to Muskoka Lakes, in time to get a job at one of the big summer hotels."

"No thanks," I said. "I'm going to New York to make my fortune."

He laughed; a hard, dry laugh. "You'll be lucky if you don't make the Tombs," was his comment.

"What's that?" I asked.

"Oh, you'll soon find out," he said. I learned afterwards that he was referring to a big prison in New York.

Then he tried once more to urge me to accompany him. Again I refused.

"Got any money?" was his next query.

"Just five cents," I replied.

"I'll tell you how to get a dollar," he said.

"I'm listening," was my reply.

"That's a pretty good overcoater you've got on," he said. "Furn it before it gets worn too much. Come on, do it now, and shure up with me, giving you the idea."

"No," I said. "That overcoat's a good friend to me these cold nights, and I don't want to part with it just yet."

"You mean you're too stingy to divide up your cash with a pal in distress," he sneered.

Soon as you've shaken me, I bet you'll answer my suggestion. Well, good-bye. I won't be bothered with a mean chap like you."

And off he walked with an injured air, and I had grievously disappointed him, which I suppose I had, for he hoped, no doubt, to raise five cents off me and then sleep.

That night I rested in a box car which stood on a siding, and after munching a loaf of bread which I had purchased, I was lulled to sleep by the ceaseless roar of the mighty Niagara Falls.

(To be continued.)

your tongue shall hang out of your mouth like the dog that you art, and your eye shall start from their sockets—so shalt thou die!" And in his rage he smote the trembling woman and spat upon her.

The sky became black, gloomy clouds hid the sun, and heavy became the heart of the woman.

Finding no one at the hut of the native, and hearing a voice at a short distance away, the Officer hastened to the place and beheld, to his horror, the woman crouching on the ground with an ox-hide rein around her neck, and the murderous Amakhoah about to hang her.

The Native Officer sprang forward, seized the infuriated man, and made him desist from his evil intent. He then led both the husband and the wife to their hut, and as if to show Divine wrath, the vivid lightning lit up the void, the thunder crashed, and the rain descended.

The Native Officer was a man of strong faith

and of powerful personality, and he so dealt with the man that he persuaded him to go to hear the White M'fundu speak at the Salvation Army meeting that evening. So, through the pelting rain, the three followed the devoted native path until they arrived at The Salvation Army Settlement and entered the Hall, where some hundreds of natives were already assembled.

That night the Spirit of God spoke to both the heart of the officer's husband and his terror-stricken wife, for the latter, although she had attended The Salvation Army meetings, had not yet made her peace with God; and in that meeting the husband and wife knelt together in humble, sincere prayer, that the God of The Salvation Army would pardon all their past sins, would create in them new hearts, and enable them to live happy lives together, and take their spirits to the great Heaven after death.

The former part of the prayer has been granted—and it is likely that the last part will be also.



"I could do nothing else but sit still in the canoe and go where the current bore me"

FLOTSAM and JETSAM

NOT long ago a large ship, bound from Montreal to Toronto with a cargo of sugar, was driven by a storm on to Scarborough Bluffs, almost within sight of the Toronto harbor. With her low and stern washed in, there she lay on the rocks, being mercilessly pounded by giant waves, which rendered every moment to complete the work of destruction. When the storm abated a curious crowd streamed out to the scene to watch salvage crew at work. What a pitiful sight was to see the broken remnants of the once able ship, now useless and abandoned.

But one could not help but be struck with an analogy between ships and humanity. How many men and women there are who, whilst braving over the sea of life, are driven by storms on to the rocks of doubt, despair and wretchedness! Battered wrecks of their once sterner selves, sullied and abandoned by friends, their pitiable position excites our sympathy. And it is to such as these that The Army extends helping hand in their hour of utmost need. Here are a few typical samples of such salvage work, which have recently come under our notice:

ON THE WATER WAGON

He was nearly fifty years of age and his total capital was forty-five cents. After half a century of toiling and struggling in the busy world he was not a very grand reward for it. But poor Tom had been foolish with the money he earned, and the saloonkeeper had got possession of the greater part of it. He came shuffling into the Army Metropole one drizzling night, wet through to the skin, and as he sat down, and gazed at the stove, the Officer learned part of his story.

"Yes, sir, I had as good a start in life as any young man," declared the poor wreck. "My father gave me a thorough business education and started me as a bookkeeper in the office of — & Co. But I failed to see my opportunities, and instead of striving to serve my employers to the utmost of my ability, I merely did the least that was required of me and was often reprimanded for idleness and arriving late. The company I got in with didn't help me any and afterwards I was completely incapacitated for work through my drunkenness and debauchery of the light before. The consequence was I lost my position. Another was obtained for me and for some time I made an attempt to reform. But whisky proved my downfall again. Since then I have drifted from place to place, holding a job for a time and then getting ignominiously fired. My poor old mother died of a broken heart, and my wife long ago refused to have anything more to do with me. Here I am, fifty years of age, alone and friendless, and down and out. I feel like ending it all in the river at times, but then—

Oh, God! It frightens me to think of what's beyond. Do you think there's any hope for a fellow like me?"

And then the work of saving this poor human wreck began. He was not restored and he was not from that moment to live happily ever. Very few men of his age and experience on their feet at one bound. Much patience had to be exercised by the salvagers in reclaiming wrecked humanity.

Tom was given odd jobs around the Metropole and sometimes sent outside in response to demand. He attended the meetings which were held, and seemed to derive benefit therefrom. He kept off the drink and seemed to be a really reformed character. Then one day he struck a good job which brought him in a large salary. He was temporarily prosperous, and was undressing and to the Officer's sorrow,

SOME STRIKING HUMAN DOCUMENTS CONCERNING WRECKS ON THE SEA OF LIFE, AND HOW THE ARMY SALVAGED THEM

Tom came home to The Metropole one night in a horribly drunken condition. Pleadings were of no avail and the man went from bad to worse till at last he came within the clutches of the law and was sentenced to a term in jail. But The Army never gives up hope for a man.

The Captain visited the jail and again prayed with Tom, but all to no avail. When Tom got out of jail he went on a big drunk again. Many men would have ceased their efforts to help Tom after this, but not so the Captain. One day the two men met on the street. "Dime a dime to get something to eat with me, Captain," pleaded Tom. "I'm nearly starved."

But the Captain refused. He knew Tom meant a drink. "Come to the Metropole and I'll give you a meal," he said; "but I'll give you no money."

Tom turned away in disgust. For four or five days in succession he was paid the Captain and begged for money. On the fifth day he made a different appeal. "For God's sake, help me to a better life, Captain," he said. "That was an appeal the Captain could not resist and he felt glad that he had not yielded to the man's entreaties for money. He took him home, got him to clean himself up and then set a good hot meal before him.

"Now we'll pray," said the Captain. And thus Tom made a new start. Nearly a year has passed since then and Tom is still on the water wagon, is holding a good position on, and is grateful to The Army for temporal and spiritual help in the hour of his direst need.

FROM LAW TO THE "COOP"

Wreck No. 2 was at one time a prosperous lawyer. He also made shipwreck of his life and prospects through drink. The Army Captain first met him in a Police Station. Though quite aware of the fact that he was a poor wreck, this man's pride would not allow him to accept help of any kind from the despised Salvation Army.

"Don't attempt to offer any sympathy to me, my good fellow," he said to the Captain. "I have some respect left yet."

The Captain ignored the sneer and patiently tried to win him over to take a sensible view of things.

"Now, the best thing you can do is to come with me to my place for a while," he said; "the police have said they will allow this and it will save you going to jail."

"Look here, old fellow," said the other, "I'll make a bargain with you. If you'll get me a good drink of whiskey, I'll go with you, only I must make the condition that we walk on opposite sides of the street."

The Captain, decided to let him stay in the Police Station. A month later the man was in the

toils again. He pleaded with the Magistrate to be put on the Indian list, so that no one should sell him liquor. "Why don't you go with The Salvation Army?" said the Magistrate. "They will help you if a person on earth can."

By this time the poor chap must have thought that his last vestige of respect had fled, for he signified his willingness to go with the Captain. He was in a terrible state of collapse. His face was as white as a sheet and he was

battered through, falling about on the street; his clothes were torn and muddy, and his head, it was plain to see, had suffered greatly through his excesses. Like a whipped cur, he slouched after the Captain. To fall into the hands of The Salvation Army was, in his opinion, about the worst degradation he could suffer.

The Captain had as hard a task with this man as he had ever had with anyone. He sat silent and moody most of the time and was not at all responsive to the Captain's efforts to cheer him up. But, little by little, the Captain won his way into his heart. He proposed one night that they should take a walk together, the Captain putting on plain clothes in consideration for his feelings.

"I talked to him about principle," said the Captain, "and the nobility of standing firm in our resolves for good. It seemed to affect him very deeply."

These walks became of frequent occurrence and after awhile the Captain ventured to approach the subject of religion. Rather to his surprise the man acknowledged that he believed in God and was glad to help the cause.

That he wished he could obtain the assurance that his sins were forgiven. The Captain urged him to get right with God there and then, but he apparently thought the matter had to be argued out, like a case in Court. But the Captain has hopes of his thorough conversion yet.

Through the active efforts of the Captain this man obtained a good position once more, and out of his first month's salary he paid for his board and lodging whilst with The Army. He has kept off the drink ever since he went home with the Captain, and is in a fair way once more of making good from a material standpoint. Let us hope he will at length find the peace that passeth all understanding, and thus be a success in the sight of God.



THE SMART SOLDIER, who became a drunken old man



THE BOOKKEEPER, who became a disreputable old bird



THE YOUNG SPORT, who degenerated into a hopeless drunk

THE OLD SOLDIER

Poor old Joe was Wreck No. 3. He was seventy-one years of age when The Army first got hold of him. In his early days he had been a British soldier. He came to Canada as far back as 1870, and for many years worked in the woods of New Brunswick. Then he went rail-roading out West. All the time he was a very hard drinker, and it played havoc with his constitution.

In his old age he appeared in the Police Court as a drunk and a vagrant. So crippled was he that he could not walk without the aid of a thick stick. He was also filthy dirty.

All the way from the Police Court to the Metropole he cried like a child, "Purty hard, Capen, purty hard," he said, "to come to this man's time of life."

The Captain prepared a good hot

(Continued on Page 29)

O KOTO SAN

A Japanese Love Story



TING-TING-TING!

called the little bell attached to the shoji as the frame door was slid back along the groove. "Gomen nassai" ("Please pardon me"), said a voice. The Officer new to Japan

pushed aside another paper door and looked at her visitors, two Japanese maidens. By signs she asked them into the room. There the three sat and smiled, and having no other means of communication, they had no English—she had as yet, no Japanese.

Ah, a happy thought! The Officer rose and brought the dictionary. As she placed the book on her lap, the elder maiden offered her a basket of beautiful fruit, further confusing the European. With the aid of the dictionary and many gestures it was at length clear that the visitors were sisters, the elder desiring to secure a teacher for the younger. Then remembrance intervened.

A couple of doors distant was a Japanese lady who could speak English and would kindly interpret for The Army Officer. She was asked to do so, and to explain politely that The Army woman was too busy learning Japanese to undertake the teaching of English, but if Headquarters permitted and time allowed in the future, she would be glad to help the callers.

After some Salvation songs to the accompaniment of flutina and concertina, the little Japanese ladies retired.

O Koto San, the younger, had, however, been fascinated by his indoor glimpse of The Salvation Army. Something within her heart cried in curiosity and longing after this strange people. She told her sister. With great desire I desire to see and hear them again.

"Go, then, little one. It is but the call of a child's love for the new," replied the elder.

"Honourably permit me to come often," said O Koto San, at her next visit, through the interpreter. She had brought a present, a charming trinket for the hair, according to Japanese custom when visiting.

The Officer thanked her in the courteous Japanese fashion, but explained that Salvationists do not wear any ornaments or jewellery. The S's on the collar of The Army uniform meant "Salvation" and were not merely a decoration.

Very interested was O Koto San, and equally pleased with the assurance that her Army friend would often see her. Long and animated were their limited conversations.

Across Tokio lay the work given to the Officer new to Japan. Parents were spoken, and O Koto San was lost in the multitudes of the city and the seclusion of her home. Once only did the Officer see her during many months. There was a festival at one of the temples, and O Koto San, gorgeous in silks, her face whitened, her hair elaborately dressed, and her painted red lips smiling, was coming down the temple steps talking to another young girl.

The Officer sighed. Yet in O Koto San's heart the first love for the strange Salvation Army still burned, like a reluctant cherry blossom.

And a long time went past. Many conversations took place through The Army.

Then the Officer crossed Tokio to the district where the girl lived, for a new Army Hall was being opened there. Hardly had she entered, when a young woman rushed into her arms. It was O Koto San, overwhelmed with delight.

"But—but," said the Officer, bewildered. "I loved The Army, yes, from the first day when we came to your door! After you had gone I continued to ask questions about it. One evening I followed the open-air meeting and

march to the Hall. Then I went always, listening, trying to understand. When I felt I did understand, I went to the Penitent Form; I prayed to be saved, and now I am always so happy! I also am a Recruit, and if you have become clever in the Japanese language, I will of you each day, and never thought to live you till we met in Heaven. Now God has been so kind as to allow us to meet again, and we will go to Heaven together!"

O Koto San, youngest of a heathen family much opposed to her action, became a Soldier, making a brave stand for God and The Army, living a Godly life at home, praying, singing, and testifying for Jesus in the streets. The Spirit of God had taken possession of her. Loving her parents and family devotedly, they were subordinated to her highest love, that for Christ and His Cross. Her one wish and prayer was to become a Corps Cadet, then enter our Training College in Tokio, and finally become an Officer, and she gave herself to prayer and study, reading every Japanese publication, issued by The Army. To do this meant self-sacrifice and courage, for she was responsible for a good share of household duties, her family being engaged in business.

At this period her people removed to another district and O Koto San was separated from her beloved Corps. She set herself to find the nearest Corps to where she now lived. It was quite distant and very small; nevertheless, she made herself known, secured a transfer, and resumed the fight.

Night after night she stood with the Captain, an elderly man (the few Soldiers could not get to the meetings often), and while he beat The Army drum she held the flag, or carried an illuminated announcement, or a big Japanese lantern slung on a bamboo pole.

Alternately the Captain and O Koto San sang and testified, prayed and marched, two strong, nay, three, for there was a Third—for Whose dear sake the two toiled to bring their country-people to His Feet.

Love must be always doing for the beloved. O Koto San undertook to try to raise funds for The Army Work. The Army is very poor in Japan, and fifty thousand dollars per year is required for the work amongst the people and students, the upkeep of Medical, Rescue, Prison Gate, and other operations.

The permission of her people being obtained (though her father thought her too frail in body

to do the work of an Officer long, and continually told her so), O Koto San was accepted for Training for Officership. Again there was a worldly intervention. O Koto San had had no love story but that of her love for Christ and The Army. A wealthy young merchant now asked her in marriage, approaching her brother on the subject. "It's no use," returned her brother instantly. "She is Salvation Army, and her love is to devote her whole life to the work of an Officer." The young man sought a bride elsewhere, and O Koto San's brother told her of the offer.

O Koto San smiled. "I don't wish to live for myself and have plenty of money. I want to live in The Salvation Army and work for God and the Salvation of my people. I am so glad you answered for me in that right way."

O Koto San's love story is but one of many beautiful Japanese stories of self-sacrifice for Christ.

Pray, Oh, pray, that we may have thousands to carry the Message to the millions of Japan in the spirit and power of Jesus.

From the woman Officer who was new to Japan and whom O Koto San reveres.

(Continued from Page 28)

badly for the poor old fellow, but soon saw that he was too far gone to properly clean himself. So he took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and washed the old man himself. As he did so he could not keep back the tears and they fell into the bath tub, so that the old man was literally washed in drops of genuine human pity.

The Captain then put the old man to bed, gave him some warm soup and let him sleep till evening. When he woke up the Captain sat by his bedside and began to talk to him.

"Do you know where you are, dad?" he asked. The old man shook his head; then, as recollection of the kind treatment he had received came to him, he said in a feeble voice: "I guess I must be in the House of God."

"Yes, dad, that's what it is, only they call it a Salvation Army Metropole. But it's one and the same thing. Now since you are in God's House, don't you think you ought to pray to Him?"

"Ain't never prayed since I was a kid of nine," said the old man. "Kinder forgot all about God."

"Well, try to now," urged the Captain. "Say the words after me." And he began to repeat, "Our Father which art in Heaven, old man was quiet for awhile. Then he said, 'Capen, I feel a lot better now. I'm a-going to keep up that praying.'"

He stayed two months in the Metropole and gradually regained his strength. He seemed to have lost his desire for drink and was a regular attendant at the meetings. One night he knelt at the Penitent Form "to settle the matter in a decent, straightforward way," as he said.

Shortly afterwards the Captain came across a man who had formerly employed poor old Joe. He asked him if he could find some little place for him where the work would not be too hard.

"Sure," he replied. "I'll give him a light job on one of my farms and I promise you, Capen, I'll look after him well for old times sake."

And thus this poor old wreck was salvaged through human kindness, and his course, through Divine grace, was set for the Heavenly Port.

DrUGGED INTO INSANITY

One more case we must briefly mention. Harry went on the rocks early. He was a wild

and sometimes sent outside in response to demand. He attended the meetings which were held, and seemed to derive benefit therefrom. He kept off the drink and seemed to be a really reformed character. Then one day he struck a good job which brought him in a large salary. He was temporarily prosperous, and was undressing and to the Officer's sorrow,

And then the work of saving this poor human wreck began. He was not restored and he was not from that moment to live happily ever. Very few men of his age and experience on their feet at one bound. Much patience had to be exercised by the salvagers in reclaiming wrecked humanity.

Tom was given odd jobs around the Metropole and sometimes sent outside in response to demand. He attended the meetings which were held, and seemed to derive benefit therefrom. He kept off the drink and seemed to be a really reformed character. Then one day he struck a good job which brought him in a large salary. He was temporarily prosperous, and was undressing and to the Officer's sorrow,

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The Praying League.

THEME FOR THANKSGIVING

That "Unto us a Child is born; unto us a Son is given; and the government shall be upon His shoulders; and His name shall be called Wonderful Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

PRAYER TOPICS

1. That out of sorrow and strife may come the real joy of permanent peace—"when the nations shall learn war no more."
2. That homes desolated by this devastating earnings may be comforted by the presence of the Prince of Peace.
3. That the Corps depleted because comrades are with the troops may be reinforced by recruits in the Army of the King of Kings.
4. That all who suffer physically or mentally because of the ravages of war may be strengthened and healed by the Healer of Galilee.
5. That the mission of Christ to bring Salvation life to all may be more clearly understood and accepted.

BIBLE STUDY ON SYMPATHY

SATURDAY, December 25—Christmas Day. Matthew 2:1-15.

SUNDAY, December 26—The Nobleman's Daughter. John 4:45-54.

MONDAY, December 27—The Withered Hand. Mark 3:1-5.

TUESDAY, December 28—The Blind Man. John 9:1-25.

WEDNESDAY, December 29—Apostles Comforted. Matthew 10:10-31.

THURSDAY, December 30—The Healer. Matthew 8:1-17.

FRIDAY, December 31—Sympathy With the Needy. Matthew 15:20-39.

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

By Mrs. Blanche Read-Johnston

"The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives . . . to comfort all that mourn."—Isaiah 61:1-2.

"Make your Prayer League contribution as Christmas as possible," was the request of our talented Editor. And the admonition set in motion a current of thought; along that mental stream seemed outlined in silvery light one little word—Sympathy.

Christmas! What has Christmas meant in past days? What does it mean in Anna Domini 1915? It has meant gladness for childhood! We hope for many it will still mean happiness. But to multitudes of little ones it will bring a day without the presence of father. And the pathetic "Daddy is in the trenches," "Daddy is at the war," will tear-dim many a mother's eye.

Christmas in past times has meant re-union to many happy hearts! We hope it may be so again in a myriad cases. But how many homes will have the vacant chair and the heart-aching for dear son or father "somewhere in France," or with a name written upon the honour roll of the Empire.

Christmas has meant the exchange of gifts: it will surely do so again. But because of the tragedy of war and its multitudinous claims for Red Cross and Patriotic purposes it must of necessity be of a much more modified form.

Sympathy! But one gift all can bestow: the human-divine gift of sympathy. Let it be poured out lavishly, freely as precious treasure, upon all needy, lonely, and sorrowing hearts. Like the widow's cruse of oil, it will increase in its outpouring!

It may flow out in the form of kindly deeds, gentle words, thoughtful little services. If this ghastly war teaches us all how to be really kind, truly sympathetic, it will not have been all loss to the Empire.

Sympathy! And to those who by reason of the loss of dear ones, or the forced absence of members of your homes, or family grief, miss brief Christmas greeting is—

Remember the Christ of the Christmas-tide; not so much in His Infant Advent, as in the life He spent going about doing good; binding up the broken hearts; healing suffering bodies and

comforting sorrowing spirits. Let the glad bells of the festive time ring out a carol to the Divine Saviour, rather than to the Babe of Bethlehem.

Let the praise be to Him who came that all might have life, perfect, glowing, useful, triumphant, abundant life. Do not dwell in your secret heart too much upon past joys. But look outward and upward: the radiance of the Star of Hope and Promise, which shone over Judah's hill, still shines in the dark sky of earth-pain and discord. "His name . . . Wonderful!"

"Ah, wonderful star, the horizon adorning,
Bright herald of peace to the world a glad warning;
Proclaiming as near on that beautiful morning
The Prince and Redeemer of men."

"Ah, wonderful star, which the darkness con-founded,
Ah, wonderful Child by the shepherds sur-rounded,
Ah, wonderful song which in praises resounded,
O'er mountain and valley and glen."

TROOPER McKENNA

(Continued from Page 25)

you can what you want with me. I am very busy, but if there is anything I can do for you I shall be pleased."

"I think you will remember the case at Bokstad in which I was involved?"

"Yes."

"And that you tried it and found me 'not guilty'?"

"Yes."

"You will see by the badge I am now wearing that I have become a Salvationist, and that means, of course, that I have been converted. I was led to God through The Salvation Army, and I am now trying to live a right life, and hope soon to be an Officer in its ranks."

"I am following you. Go on."

"I have felt that I ought to come and tell you that my defence on that occasion was a pack of lies."

"I cannot say I am altogether surprised to hear it was, though I must confess I hardly expected you to tell me so."

"I thought it was my duty, particularly on account of Corporal Hill, who may perhaps be suffering on account of my action."

"Yes, I think you have done right to come and tell me, and I am very pleased you have done so. I have been very much impressed with the work of The Army; I think it is doing a lot of good, and this does not decrease my estimate of it. Have you said anything to Corporal Hill yourself about the matter?"

"No, I thought I should tell you first, but I should like to write to him and make a full confession."

"Yes, I think you should do so."

"And now, my lad, may God bless you! I am very glad indeed that you are going to be a Salvation Army Officer, and I shall always be pleased to hear you are doing well and that you are sticking to it."

McKenna left with a lighter heart than he had had for years, feeling he had done his duty in making this confession of past wrong, and had cleared the way for future usefulness and influence. He also wrote to the corporal, now a sergeant.

When last we saw him, McKenna was fighting bravely as an Officer in The Army, and striving might and main to make up for the years he had lost when he not only cared nothing for other people's souls, but was utterly neglectful of his own Salvation.

THE THIRD GENERATION

(Continued from Page 9)

him, subsequently kneeling down and offering prayer on his behalf. She insisted, too, upon praying for himself. Then, assuring him that, if he set himself to lead a new life, he would find her friend, she showed him out of the front door.

"Not only do we congratulate Ensign Mary Booth upon her courage and tact, but we also suggest that her method of dealing with the unwelcome intruder, is, after all, the best and most promising method for the reformation of criminals in general. It is The Army's way also, namely, to teach them about God, and at the same time not to overlook their temporal needs. We therefore pass on this incident as another object lesson in the great work of reclamation."

lad and married a girl with whom he was in his "faze." His drunken and vicious habits soon caused her to leave him, however. Then he went completely to the dogs and became addicted to the morphine habit. When only 28 years of age he was arrested with a woman who claimed to be his wife, and charged with insanity, the result of morphine.

"Can you do anything for this man?" said the Magistrate to The Salvation Army Captain.

"Certainly, sir," said the Captain.

"Then I'll hand him over to you for eight days," said the Magistrate. "Report to me at the end of that time."

The Captain had indeed a big problem on his hands. To cure an insane morphine fiend was a job not many men would care to tackle. And then there was the woman to be looked after, also.

Fortunately the Captain had a good friend who was a doctor. To him, therefore, he went, and asked if he could get the morphinomaniac into a hospital and give him special treatment. After a good deal of trouble the doctor was able to do this. But the Captain also had some special treatment of his own for the poor chap and he relied on this more than on the hospital treatment. Every day he visited the patient and talked seriously to him about his soul and about the future. And he prayed with him and for him, and besought God to restore him to health and to his right mind.

At the end of eight days he was able to report to the Magistrate that the man was progressing favourably. A week later poor Harry was discharged from the hospital, and the Captain took him into his own home.

In the meantime, the Captain's wife had taken care of the young woman, and, after many serious talks, had persuaded her to give up her sinful life and try to earn an honest living. A good situation was secured for her, and she went to it with the resolve of living a better life in the future.

Harry had become his normal self again during his enforced stay in the hospital, and the Captain helped him in the awful fight he now had against his depraved appetites. He was very weak and needed constant watching and care, but the Captain felt rewarded when he noticed that Harry really tried to live a different life. Learning that Harry was well connected—the only son, in fact, of a rich merchant—the Captain got in touch with the father, and was glad to receive a letter from him, saying that Harry could come home when he wished.

Five weeks after being handed over to The Army's care, Harry went home to his parents, a completely-transformed young man. Just lately the Captain received a touching letter of gratitude from the mother, thanking him for the help rendered her boy in trouble.

As Harry is a young man yet, well this side of thirty, he has a chance of many years of a useful and honoured life.

These four cases are but typical examples of the many hundreds of human wrecks salvaged by devoted Army workers. Pray that God may increasingly bless their labour of love, and strengthen their hands and hearts for the struggle with human sin, misery, and despair.

SALVATIONISTS ON THE BATTLEFIELD

(Continued from Page 7)

Twice with shells and twice with bullets. The first shell fell three feet behind me and I rose myself flat on the road. I was covered with soil thrown up by the shell. The second shell dropped yesterday at 5:30 p.m. while I was conducting a funeral. There were twenty of us, and the shrapnel fell all around, and even into the grave, though by a miracle not one of us was hurt. One bullet grazed the top of my head and the other the tip of my right ear. However, I am in fine form. I have just come down now from spending four hours with the men in the front fire trench, having read to them in groups of ten and fifteen.

"I may, or may not, come out of this struggle alive, but whatever happens I am more than glad to be with the men preaching Jesus to them, and trying to live as a man of God should live."

"I am supremely happy and will die for my country and in the men's interests in readiness and without fear."

"God is faithful and never fails. I greet all comrades with Salvation salutations. God is with us."



THE YOUNG RECRUIT UNDER FIRE

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him"

THE WAR CRY

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

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OUR NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE



"PUT ON THE WHOLE ARMOUR OF GOD"

Not unto all is given the privilege of donning the King's uniform and engaging in the war; but we can all enter the New Year clad in the whole armour of God, to war a good war fare against the world, the flesh, and the devil. Are you in full armour?